

GUIDE TO THE NEW WORLD

**A HANDBOOK OF
CONSTRUCTIVE WORLD REVOLUTION**

by

H. G. WELLS

LONDON

VICTOR GOLLANZ LTD

1941

**PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY FURNELL AND SONS, LTD. (T.U.)
PAULTON (SOMERSET) AND LONDON**

PREFACE

THIS SERIES OF essays was for the most part written for syndicated publication throughout the world. They were published intermittently and frequently, as they were called for. A few could not be published and appear here for the first time. Some I have had to date, because the events which produced them, and which in many cases they anticipated, have become history. Nevertheless they remain interpretative. I present here very definite views about the present world situation and the necessary reorganisation of human behaviour it demands. Much of what I have written is already being justified; and week by week I have been meeting the challenge of events and discussion, first from this point of view and then from that, going, in fact, all round this vast concrete human business of readaptation, and viewing it from every main aspect. There was much repetition in these articles but always with variation. The angle and the reference changed. In this way I was producing, I found, a stereoscopic survey, so to speak, of the way to that New World whose lurid dawn is breaking upon us. I was showing it solid.

I have collected these writings into one consistent hand-book, because I believe they will be of use to others who are also working for world reconstruction, by pulling their ideas together, getting round troublesome differences, and providing a basis of understanding for their co-operation. It is a book to read in and return to, rather than to read through and have done with.

If the reader is sufficiently interested in it, he can find my theory of the Opposition in democratic politics stated rather more fully in a Penguin Special, *The Common Sense of War and Peace*, published in 1940 and now in a revised edition. It costs sixpence in England in America a quarter. It is a compact but comprehensive pamphlet. Taken with this present volume, I

think he—which pronoun I use here for both he and she—will find himself equipped to deal with most of the misunderstandings, objections, collateral issues and problems he will encounter in whatever effort he may be making to assist in the rehabilitation of our shattered world.

He is not asked, be it noted, to join up with any Party or Association. That must depend upon his particular gifts, circumstances and opportunities. We have too many organisations and they divide us by their minor rivalries. Parties are mere instruments to an end. Sane adults do not *belong* to states or churches or parties. They collaborate for specific purposes. They use organisation as occasion arises. The movement for a world revolution must be something far greater than any Party. It must be a living and progressive propaganda. The world has already seen in the case of Communism, how disastrous a thing servitude to Party discipline and the dictation of Party bosses must be.

The reader, I repeat, is not asked to “join up” or follow anyone. But he is asked to think hard, and to think again and to insist upon the utmost freedom of expression for his antagonists as well as for those with whom he is in sympathy. The aim of this book is the statement of reality. Let us put Truth first, for when we have the sound diagnosis of a case we are more than half way to a cure. We offer you a map, as good as we could compile and make it, to save you from futile wanderings and dead ends.

This is the only useful contribution we older men can make to the task ahead. We can strip our disillusionments and discoveries bare and clear for your use. The ideal reader for whom this book is written is a young man, already deeply concerned about the outcome of the war.

Let me point out here that the intellectual and psychological atmosphere of the period 1941–1960 is likely to be altogether different from that of 1918–1938. It is a commonplace that the earlier period suffered because there had been an immense killing-off of the brightest and best youth of the country. Britain was left an old man’s world, a sprained reactionary world of old ideas. But this time there is no such killing-off of young men. Their lives are being dislocated and disorganised, yes; but they

are not being slaughtered as they were in 1914-1918. One category only of young men has a high death rate, the Air Force. This time death destroys women and children just as abundantly as it does the fighting men. It tears up whole populations by the roots and rations hardship impartially. But this time we can look forward with assurance to an alert generation of new young people, new in their energy, and new I hope in their thought. We have all the makings of a world revolution now that were wanting throughout Europe in 1919. So that if I were to dedicate this book to anyone I would dedicate it to the Unknown Young Man, who lives now impatient and awakening and who will soon be reshaping our world.

Ave atque Vale.

H. G. W.

CONTENTS

	Preface	page
	Introduction. The Ultimate War	11
<i>Chapter</i>	I. That Tremendous Offensive in the Spring	21
	II. Those Countless Planes and Submarines	23
	III. Demobilisation	29
	IV. Running away from Phantoms	31
	V. Running after Phantoms (with a note upon Roman Catholic propaganda)	33
	VI. What is the War?	36
	VII. The Immediate Task	38
	VIII. The Bare Situation	40
	IX. Foreign Office Widows	42
	X. Organisation and Freedom	44
	XI. Law	46
	XII. Declaration of Rights	48
	XIII. Compromise	55
	XIV. Imported Communism	58
	XV. Red Christianity	60
	XVI. British Solidarity	62
	XVII. War of Liberation	64
	XVIII. War and World Law	66
	XIX. The Final Onslaught	68

<i>Chapter XX.</i> Inertia	<i>Page</i> 70
XXI. Poland?	72
XXII. Map Dreams	74
XXIII. The Harsh Side of America	79
XXIV. "Is Britain going Red?"	83
XXV. War of Propagandas	85
XXVI. The British Countryside in 1951	92
XXVII. Uprooted Peoples	94
XXVIII. The Future of Cities	96
XXIX. The Money Problem	98
XXX. The Danger Ahead	101
XXXI. Religion and Science	103
XXXII. The Dollar as God	105
XXXIII. The Spanish Mystery	107
XXXIV. The Fourth Seal	109
XXXV. The Inattentive Embassy	113
XXXVI. Council of Civil Liberties, Colonial Conference	115
XXXVII. India a Nation?	121
XXXVIII. The Limitations of Comrade Joseph Stalin	127
XXXIX. Gethsemane	132
XL. The Problem of Self-Contentment	135
XLI. World Well Educated	143
XLII. Envoy	149

INTRODUCTION

THE ULTIMATE WAR

THE NATURE OF THIS PRESENT WARFARE

IN THE PAST third of a century the conditions of human life have changed with overwhelming rapidity. Invention and discovery have abolished distance and released an almost uncontrollable amount of physical and human energy. Human energy as much as physical energy; it is in the surplus of unemployed young men without prospects, that the dictator adventurer finds his all too willing instruments. No social order can be stable any longer that does not simply employ but interest and give self-respect to what will otherwise be surplus young men. For thousands of years men have lived in separated communities in a needy world in which they have competed for small acquisitions. Now our world has become one, and we are confronted by such opportunities for mutual destruction or universal prosperity as our fathers could never have imagined.

Many of us, and particularly those who occupy positions of privilege and authority, seem unable to grasp this stupendous change, although they have the spectacle of material and social dissolution plainly before their unseeing eyes. They regard this war as if it were just another war like those we read about in history, they imagine it can be dealt with by the military and diplomatic adjustments of the past, and that the old social system with all its inequalities may presently be restored.

Nothing could be farther from reality. This war which has been thrust upon us is not so much an insurrection against that collapsing order of the past as a criminal attempt, *arising out of our disorder as part of our disorder*, to impose an air terror upon all mankind, conceived and carried out in a spirit of pure gangsterism.

AIR TERRORISM

First it is necessary to defeat and end this air terror. This is the common immediate concern of all mankind, man, woman and child everywhere. No fair, free and decent living will ever be possible on earth again until this air terror is grappled with and controlled. And it can be controlled only in one way, namely by the establishment of a world-wide federal control of the air, of air transport, air services, supplies and resources. A federal world air control must be the first objective of any organisation which seeks to restore and implement the good will of men throughout the earth. Such a control need not come into conflict with the religious, racial and local emotional differences and prejudices of mankind. It would be a common world service as impartial as the Postal Union or the Elder Brethren of Trinity House who keep alight the lighthouses of the world; *it would override those other things as a great roof might override a crowded and various market place.* But its establishment is supremely urgent. Every soul alive will be affected by it. It is the duty of every clear-headed man to do whatever he can, within the measure of his powers, to awaken men's minds to this supreme urgency, and to combat, by speech, by writing and publication, by political agitation, activity and such organisation as will facilitate his task, all these dull, reactionary and criminal elements in our community which impede or resist the attainment of that New Order.

THE WASTE OF HUMAN RESOURCES

But a world federal control of the air alone does not solve the immense riddle of our times. It is merely the most obvious reason for world-wide human co-operation. The necessity for a readjustment of human relationships upon co-operative lines, appears and reappears, here, there and everywhere.

The declared teaching of the Established Church of England, for example, as expressed by the Malvern Conference of 1941, is that private ownership in productive and financial matters practically forces the pursuit of gain upon us and subjects us all to undesirable, if not actually sinful, social preoccupations.

It may strike some of us that it has taken the Anglican Church a long time to realise the essentially revolutionary character of the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth, but it is better that this confession should come late rather than never.

The abolition of profit-making ownership, as the behaviour of the Church since the Malvern Conference has shown, does not necessarily mean immediate revolutionary dispossession. Many of us learn now, with a tinge of surprise, from the Pope and the Anglican clergy, that the common teaching of all Christian Churches is and always has been that the ownership of land and industrial resources is to be regarded not as a right but as a conditional trust for the common good. In the past, when there was no *competent receiver* for production-property, the responsibility for the disinterested administration of that property rested with the owners, and led to great abuses. But now, with the enhanced powers of a new age, a *competent receiver* becomes not only practicable but advisable, and that Christian socialisation which was formerly a matter for pious appeals to the private conscience, is now attainable by open and enforceable obligation.

With modern surveys and methods this real Christian order as defined by Christian authorities, becomes possible, and every Christian from the Pope downward should surely rejoice thereat, and gird his loins—or do whatever the equivalent of loin-girding in modern episcopal costume may be—for the fray. A stringent control of ownership, an expropriation of unsatisfactory owners, and the rapid, progressive conversion of entrepreneurs, directors, managers and foremen into responsible public licensees and functionaries is well within the range of practicable necessity. None of these types need be assailed and destroyed if they are prepared to accept a considerable readjustment of status, and the modern revolutionary, *whatever creed he professes*, should therefore be prepared to welcome the honest co-operation of awakening Christianity in the social application of his ideas, and to assist the striving Christian by every means in his power to keep it honest.

The project of a sweeping Conservation of World Resources, as expounded by that gifted and experienced American statesman, Mr Gifford Pinchot, follows inevitably upon the idea

of World Air Federation. Already there have been bold experiments such, for example, as the International Institute of Agriculture (at Rome before 1914) and the Chatham House African Survey, to show how entirely workable a great measure of World Conservation has become.

Federal Air World Control, as we have pointed out, is an urgent necessity now, but it is only the thin end of the wedge that will drive in the one direction towards World Conservation, and in the other to a general control of World Transport. "Transport," said Kipling, "is civilisation." The measure of the control and security of world transport is the measure of world civilisation.

World conservation, we must insist here, does not mean any serious interference with local and traditional economic life. Quite the reverse. *It is pure nonsense to represent the aim of a modern revolution as a uniform mechanised world.* The native worker in iron or brass, the skilful carpet-weaver, will still practise his craft, but he will have the assurance that his need of metal or cotton or wool will come to him safely and not be intercepted by any profiteering scheme. All over the world now, under the stress of this war, such rationing is going on perforce and the profiteer is being frustrated. In that war-time control, we have quite plainly the crude intimations of a new and better economic life for all mankind.

DECLARATION OF RIGHTS

A third main concept underlying this promise of a new unified world is the idea of a common law for all mankind. A Declaration of Human Rights has already been drawn up by a group of competent people under the leadership of Lord Sankey, after a world-wide discussion in which thousands of representative people participated. There is nothing to prevent its being adopted—subject to the exigencies of warfare—by all the sincerely democratic governments in the world. It could be made the Fundamental Law in a federated world, and its provisions pleaded in any court as overriding any local rule or practice to the contrary.

There is no need here to follow the analogy of the United

States in which federation is based upon a written Constitution. That again is something we need to be clear about. The Declaration of Independence is a noble statement of the political rights of man, it asserts the supremacy of "the people" over any more limited class, and it finds its most widely accepted interpretation in Lincoln's Gettysburg oration. But it is not the fundamental law of the United States of America. What is proposed here is the Sankey Declaration of Rights as the *fundamental world law*. It is doubtful if the world as a whole will need a constitution on the pattern of the combative sovereign governments of the past. The idea of the supremacy of the lawyer and law court over any governmental authority has been in operation in the Supreme Court of the United States, and, within the limits of the Constitution, it has operated fairly well. What is proposed here is merely to transfer the reference from a written constitution to a Declaration of Rights.

It has been objected that this Declaration in question is devoid of spirituality and sounds no religious note. That is because there are very many religions in the world, and this Declaration comes at a broader and less controversial level. It neither attacks nor advocates any religion, any more than a well-made microscope attacks or defends religion. The believers in the Christian, Moslem, Jewish, Buddhist or Shinto faiths can still accept it and still bow before their peculiar shrines. I suppose any religious-minded microscope-maker, whatever his religion, would consider it his duty to make as good a microscope as he could. No religion is worth a rap unless it is compatible with rightness, and this Declaration is a statement of elementary rightness. It cannot be used to force any particular priesthood upon the world. Naturally it does not appeal to the Thug cult, to the addicts of human sacrifices or to the "heroic" Totalitarian aggressor. But rightness is precisely what we English-speaking peoples assert we are fighting for, and this careful statement of fundamental rightness, the Sankey Declaration, therefore, should be pressed upon the operative so-called "democratic" governments throughout the world, to crystallise and implement their all too vague assertions.

interests, and has become indeed a vital equalitarian combatant, resolute in its leadership towards that new world our threefold basis defines.

The British Parliament, as representative of the British people, has agreed that all power shall be exercised by the Government for the duration. On the 22nd May, 1940, the Emergency Powers Act was passed, without discussion, giving the Government complete control over all people and property. So that the belligerent British Government, like the Anglican Church Militant, is an outright socialist organisation at the present time. In profession but not in reality. We revolutionists want to make it real. So far only partial and half-hearted use has been made of the powers that have been given it. Hidden hands and hidden motives work to frustrate that great change-over. The British Government still falls short of insisting that each individual shall be placed in the position where his or her work will be of the greatest value to the war effort, and that every form of property shall be mobilised for the common good without any reservation whatever.

THE ESSENCE OF WORLD CONSERVATION

Now let us be plain that world revolution does not necessarily mean the destruction of all old and existing things in favour of strange new mechanical things. Nor does it mean the sweeping aside of all sorts of experienced operative men for inexpert commissars and revolutionary adventurers. We contemplate no "class war". We reject the social psychology of the Marxists absolutely. We ask every man to serve, whose primary interest is in his job and not in its emoluments. The word "salvaging" has already been used in this Introduction. Our Ultimate Revolution is the salvaging of human society.

The intelligent world revolutionary takes, for example, a conservative attitude to what are called the backward areas of the world. This has to be made very clear, because nothing is so widely misunderstood. World conservation covers human quite as much as material conservation. Under the protective wings of a world federal air control and world conservation, and under that protection alone, the life of these simpler peoples can be

shielded from the abominations of profiteering exploitation. Tribal and racial unities are things not to be too readily disturbed. No doubt there are many local customs and features, domestic slavery, customary mutilations and so on that have to be got rid of, but supplementing our activities, the radio, the cinema, reading and writing can be bringing these regions very rapidly up to the level of political competence. People are disposed to under-estimate the capacity of many of these so-called backward peoples to achieve a virtual equality. The Australian black fellows were regarded as among the most primitive of races. But by scientific tests their intelligence quotient stands exceptionally high. In a generation or so, this little residue of less than fifty thousand people has produced able mechanics, painters and at least one outstanding writer. Paternalism may be necessary for a brief period, but it must rapidly give way to a simple equality of opportunity. Within a lifetime we may cease to hear this talk against so-called backward races.

THE GENERAL STRATEGY OF THE WAR

Returning now, as a British combatant, to the immediate war. Britain can win this war, so far as it is to be won, only when the people of Europe are inspired to join her, not merely against Nazism and Fascism, but for the replacement of our former disorders by a new and happier world. The high road for us is the right road, and there can be no victory but a generous victory. This is not "idealism"; it is hard realism.

No one in his senses believes that the British are a chosen people, better and nobler Nazis in fact, disputing the hegemony of the world with the Germans. The British, with their sustaining Americans, are now the fighting front of all humanity. Or they are worthless. That duty is their privilege. They are bound to accept anti-Fascist movements throughout the world, wherever they are to be found, as partners with them in a joint enterprise.

British policy must inspire all these potential allies with hope and with a sense of common purpose. Amply assisted by the United States Britain can provide these allies with the munitions which make revolt possible, and she must assemble for them the efficient, mobile and highly mechanised forces necessary to

implement them. Naval, military, air and economic action vigorous enough to convince the suppressed common people in the enemy countries that the Nazis cannot win, must be accompanied by such an emphatic statement of war aims as will convince them that their hope is in the complete defeat of the Totalitarian regimes. If Britain can convince Germans that the same distinction will be made between them and their Nazi rulers that Mr. Churchill has already made between the Italian people and their Duce, we shall be hastening the end of the war. Mr. Willkie, himself of German origin and yet passionately anti-Nazi, wound up his recent visit to Europe (February 1941) with an excellent pronouncement to that effect.

THE IMMEDIATE OUTLOOK

The whole world will emerge from its present ordeal in a chaotic state. Entire populations will be physically and economically exhausted, uprooted, half-starving, living amidst smashed cities, ruined industries and broken communications. Much will depend upon the closeness and *intellectual intensity* of Anglo-American co-operation in the immediate post-war reconstruction. The urgent problems that will crowd upon us all will not wait for solution in leisurely discussions at a Peace Conference, and Anglo-American responsibility for considering detailed plans *now* during the war, is therefore very great.

Under present conditions America is the more favourable arena for the elaboration of blue prints for that New World of which this book is the Outline. In the Americas there is still a freedom of speech and an amplitude of discussion that has vanished from the rest of our planet. America has made herself the "Arsenal of Democracy". She has also to make herself the Democratic Forum. Her role is not simply to "lease and lend" but also to listen, read and think. Some of us in Europe are still thinking hard and fast, but many of us are oppressed by a dread of being overtaken. We are acutely aware of the need for a rational World Revolution, and we are appalled at the strong possibilities that are appearing on our side of the Atlantic under the stresses of conflict, of a collapse into frantic repression and frantic revolt, in which all sane thinking may be submerged.

I

THAT TREMENDOUS OFFENSIVE IN THE SPRING

(JANUARY 1941)

IN MARCH OR April, say the wiseacres, there is to be a stupendous knockout blow at Britain. It is to be so tremendous that it may even be wise to sneak some sort of propitiatory peace beforehand.

What Hitler has to do it with, I cannot imagine. His ebbing and dispersed military resources are now probably not so very much greater than the Italians' before they were put to the test in Greece and Africa; and whatever delays and disappointments there may be in the American supply of war material, so frankly and freely discussed and exposed by Mr Knudsen (December 1940), it will still prove more than sufficient to keep pace with the great Goering menace. With this flow of American aid, the R.A.F. will be free to concentrate on Herr Goering. The British fleet will have cleaned up the Mediterranean, and Italy may have shaken off the wan virility of Mussolini and be out of the war. Hitler, who began his career as the subsidised communist-breaker, has boxed the compass completely and now rants to his munition workers on the war between labour and gold. That rant is his real offensive.

In his search for a way out from the disaster that closes in upon him, Hitler proposes to go revolutionary. And then perhaps gold—which is foolish enough for anything—may try to buy him again and let him out of the war; or, what is less probable, labour may forget his past. The former is the greatest danger to a sane man's hopes of a federated world and a renascence of civilisation. A great and diversified defeatist campaign is being carried on by people who evidently see the German failure quite clearly, but who live in terror of the forces of rational world

reconstruction that failure may release. If they reiterate that Britain will be out of the war by spring—Britain never felt better, or fought with a better heart, thank you—that American help is sentimental, insincere, inadequate, the while Mr Churchill repeats in his famous blood and tears speech, with perpetually diminishing effect, that the war must go on until 1942; and while all discussion of what we are fighting for is barred so long as we fight, it may be possible to keep the common-sense people of the world sufficiently misinformed, to present them with a new Munich pacification next year.

I must confess that the depressing speech delivered for Lord Lothian on the eve of his death, seems to me to be part of the same campaign. He was a charming man and very popular at Washington, but his political record is one of persistent and recurrent appeasement of evil.

That terrible spring offensive is a mere Bogey in the coming campaign for a premature peace. It behoves all men of good will to be on their guard against any such frustration of their struggle for an enduring world settlement.

II

THOSE COUNTLESS PLANES AND SUBMARINES

HOMO SAPIENS began to count at a comparatively late period in his career. Few animals are known to count beyond three or four. Man began upon his fingers, which is why we have a decimal system, and many savages and ill-educated people cease to be clear-headed as soon as quite a limited number is passed. If one observes a village whist drive, one notes that it is only a minority who can keep track of the four suits. Their idea of any particular suit is really a quivering number that flashes between eleven and fifteen. At the appearance of some little card they will exclaim "Oh!" The triumphs of Napoleon, according to Emerson, were based upon his exceptional arithmetical faculty. To strike at some particular point in commanding force, while your adversary is ineffectively distributed, is the essence of generalship, and it is dependent upon a steady grip upon a sum in which soldiers, quantity of supplies, distance and pace of movement are the decisive items. Forecasting the course of this war, like any sort of war forecasting, is dependent upon that arithmetic complicated by the fact that certain of the items are hidden. So far as these unknown quantities go, the military outcome is the result either of luck or brilliant inference. The outstanding military genius at the war game is the man who can see through most of the cards. Maybe if he can, as they say, "handle men", he can also improve his cards to a certain extent, but at the base of it all is the arithmetical decision. If he is a dud at that, the handling won't do him very much good.

I make these remarks because, like most other people nowadays, I am continually fighting and forecasting the war in my mind, and reading much more "expert" matter about it than

I can possibly digest. I acquired an early dread of arithmetic at a small private school strangely entitled A Commercial Academy for Young Gentlemen, where an undetected astigmatism made long tots and the like a humiliation and a torment for me. Numbers like fourteen or even fifty had a certain meaning for me, but over a hundred or so at most they became just clouds of quantity. £700 or £7,000 or £70,000 seemed and still seem an awful lot and much of a muchness to me. At present Britain is spending twelve million a day on the war. (Fourteen million now on going to press.) If I were asked to vote and make it twenty-four or to protest that it be reduced to five million, it would mean absolutely nothing to me either way.

It is the easier to confess that I cannot count beyond certain limits because I realise that my inability is shared not only by the man in the street, but by most of the experts and responsible people who are discussing the progress of the war. I think this arithmetical insufficiency may easily lead to all sorts of wild and disastrous political consequences. I do my best with paper and pencils to get my own ideas into some more practical form.

And first I find a reckless disregard of the numerical limitations controlling air warfare. There must be a definite maximum of air power that any people can produce and keep in condition. Consider what is needed for a single unit, a crack squadron, shall we call it? We have to be a little vague in our answer but not impossibly vague. We cannot give exact figures because there are no exact figures. Suppose then we are thinking of keeping round about twenty-five machines in active operation. We need a steady supply of exceptionally keen-witted, brave, devoted young men. They often get killed or, still more frequently, damaged beyond repair. These losses must be replaced. Some of them after a time lose their first bright edge of resolution. These must rest and be reconditioned. What percentage of youngsters are there to come up to these requirements? One in a hundred? I doubt it. If so, and we assume a crew of three or four, and if we allow for the fact that half of our men will have to be sleeping or resting in reserve or otherwise not on the spot, that gives us between fifteen thousand and twenty thousand as our necessary basis of supply. Many of that fifteen-thousand-plus young men will have all the needful pluck but will be disqualified by defects

of eyesight, nervous reaction and so forth. Of course second-raters will be more abundant, there may be five or six of them to every first-rater, but in the air, other things being equal, the second-rater is a doomed man. He will go up to be killed and knowing that he will be killed.

And now we have to note that our fifteen thousand to twenty thousand young men imply a much greater number of women and children and older men. Here again I won't pretend to be exact, but it is plain that to keep that one crack unit in the air, if we comb the whole community for material, miss nobody and disregard every other wartime claim, implies at least a population of something between 100,000 and 200,000. And that again leads to the conclusion that a population of a million can produce fighters for only about six or seven first-class air units, and that the very maximum number of first-class fighting squadrons of which a population of eighty millions is capable must be something under five hundred full units. That is a top limit. That implies a population simply and entirely swept for aviators. No doubt the first-rate material can be and is adulterated by second-rate stuff, and no doubt the German air force has been subjected to such economies, but the more an air force is eked out the more it will deteriorate.

But this is only the first little sum we have to do. How many men have there to be on the ground for one in the air? There again we must do our estimating within very wide limits. If we imagine our unit always starting from and returning to one single aerodrome (which is obviously absurd) it will still be necessary to have skilled workers, repair mechanics, doctors, resting-places, abundant petrol, ammunition and other supplies at hand there. And all the plant must be defended by ample anti-aircraft, fighter patrols and so forth. It needs also an alert trustworthy police to protect it from sabotage. But in practice there have to be quite a lot of such aerodromes available, real ones and decoy ones; there have to be unimpeded road and rail communications to keep up their supplies, and by the time you have worked out the estimates for all this, you have made another very heavy call upon the resources of your eighty millions.

The defeatist ladies and gentlemen who abandon their houses in London to the common danger, so evading the payment of

rates, and throwing the burden of fire protection on their stouter-hearted neighbours—chatter about “thousands of planes” presently destroying us all, but when you come down even so near to precise realities as we are able to do, you see that their stupidity matches their meanness and cowardice. We are to be bombed from air-fields extending from Norway to Bayonne, they say. But consider the problem Jerry has to sit over. He has so much petrol and no more, so much rolling-stock and no more, so much man power, so many miles to go, and he has to protect himself from the sabotage of his transport now by an elaborate police terrorism. A considerable part of his good air material must be on the Rumanian frontier, so much in Italy and so on. No ground material can be rapidly withdrawn. Think of the sort of sums he must do before he deposits any stuff at all in Norway or occupied France. Here again the menace of a stunning air attack on Britain shrinks as you look at it. It begins to take on the quality of a bluff. To distract us from other efforts or to prepare us for a premature peace offer.

There are still more limitations to be considered and that is the output of planes. It is not only that on both sides there are much lower limits than scared imaginations realise, to the number of men to fly and the amount of material available, but that there is a still lower limit to the number of planes that are to be considered seriously at the present time. We hear a terrific amount of gabble about hundreds and thousands of planes being made, or presently to be made, in Germany, in America and so on. It is a war of bluff on both sides. Goering claims his thousands and Bevin his tens of thousands. Phantom orders and contracts gibber as they pass and are heard of no more. Never have I heard such nonsense.

If wars could be won by statistics there might be some excuse for these arithmetical eruptions. But mass production of aeroplanes is a very dangerous game if your adversary keeps his head and goes on improving his type. The number of skilled workmen needed directly there is a variation of type is considerable; the supply small. In the air we are all out for the best, but in other directions invention has outrun production. In the long run it has not been to the disadvantage of Britain that her air arm was not overwhelming and stereotyped at the

outbreak of war. In no other direction is quality and modernity so dominant over quantity. Invention and initiative have had almost free play in the air; much more, I suspect, than they have had in the Navy. There is not an Air Force in the world that is not encumbered now with quite a load of out-of-date material. Which counts until it gets into the air. The wretched Italians could tell a melancholy tale about that.

Here again and for obvious reasons we can have no quantitative precision. At the time of the Abyssinian crisis the Italian Air Force was up-to-date, and some one had failed to serve out ammunition to the British fleet. Our Government was scared out of its wits. Where is that overpowering Italian Air Force now? At the outset of this war the German Air Force seems to have had the better of the British, quantitatively at least, in trained men and material alike. Now the situation is completely reversed. That German air power has been largely spent. It is behind the times and its first-rate men are mostly dead or disheartened or worn out. As the net closes about the Nazi adventure we shall probably see Hitler following in the footsteps of his teacher and precursor Mussolini and sacrificing his dwindling air strength in some hopeless final attack. "Heil Hitler!" the poor lads will say, and up they will go, no better than carrion crows to fight eagles.

The first-grade air groups in the world are probably less numerous than teams in the Football League, and they have taken each other's measure pretty completely. As the German quality-teams deteriorate and diminish, an increasing proportion of our first-quality squadrons will be able to deal with the hit-and-run exploits of the lower grades. That, it seems to me, is the way things must go. Here again no exact sums are to be done, but my impression is that the air defeat of Germany may go on at a much more rapidly increasing gradient than many people suppose. It may become a massacre (on the Italian pattern) in the next two or three months.

Now the same line of reasoning that disposes me to think that the German air offensive is petering out and incapable of a recovery, applies with certain reservations, to the U Boat attack. There again before anything else you need men. Some or most of the crew may be poor conscripts doomed to drown

(Heil Hitler!) but the officers of a submarine must have a wisdom, a wariness, a training and a technical skill rarer even than the gifts that make a first-rate airman. Those U Boats pouring out from Germany like a shoal of mackerel, manned by innumerable diabolically clever and courageous men, are another defeatist nightmare.

Our greatest danger in the war lies on the surface of the seas. It is the raider that we have to fear, and there I would like to feel sure that no crystallisation of authority at the head of things, such as involved a year of military disaster for us, has restricted the utilisation of the experience, the resourcefulness, the versatility and devotion of the backbone of all sea power, the mercantile marine. I don't quite like to hear the First Lord of the Admiralty telling me to dig for victory. I think he ought to be looking out to sea. Can none of those ships in those convoys carry stings of their own? Has there been much invention and experiment there? Possibly wonderful things go on out in the Atlantic and I am quite wrong, but I do not get the same comfort from my little sums about shipping losses as I do from my air estimates.

It is all very admirable to be the Silent Service and never speak, but I sometimes doubt whether our Senior Service listens; which is quite a different thing.

III

DEMOBILISATION

(JANUARY 1941)

THE BLITZKRIEG FAILS and dies away. Hitler becomes less and less like the terror of the world and more and more like the Banshee of his own departing New Order. (Rudolf Olden wrote his life faithfully and destructively, but we doubt if anyone will ever write his *apologia*.) A war of propagandas breaks out to compete for the direction of our disordered planet. The Holy Roman Empire and the return to sound, old-fashioned business on Willkie lines, each strikes an attractive attitude. The ideas of World Federation and various less comprehensive federations spread steadily by virtue of their eminent reasonableness. And men with any gift for reality begin to measure up the problem of putting some sort of coherence into the devastated world battlefield.

All over the world, and in America just as much as everywhere else, the young men and a certain proportion of young women have been mobilised instead of educated. They are very fit, ready to fight anybody, anywhere. Industry has been switched almost entirely to war material. There is a vast and growing accumulation of lethal material wherever it is not being vigorously consumed. War preparation has become the chief economic fact; it hums along faster and faster and faster. It booms.

Suppose now, peace breaks out.

It will be like clapping on the brakes at ninety miles per hour on a skiddy road. We shall find America with the most powerful fleet in the world, full of ginger and no one to fight. We shall find youngsters being trained for fighting by the thousands. What will become of them?

Everywhere in America roaring factories will stop roaring abruptly, and in the silence the workers will come pouring

Cw

out by the hundreds and thousands, with an enquiring expression on their faces. And a whole generation of young men, the most explosive material in the world, under-educated, trained to fight, ready to do anything rather than nothing, indisposed to wait, prepared to follow any leader who promises them some sort of excitement and gratification in life, will be confronting our managers and legislators.

It is more than probable that matters may be complicated by some little hitch in the monetary system. What has Mr Winston Churchill got to say about it? Mr Willkie in America (1940 electioneering) has promised work for everybody, but I do not know how he promises to provide it? Have Wall Street and the City of London got their plans ready? For anything but a resumption of the profit scramble on the old lines?

Most of this mass of young men have learned no marketable trade. Any sort of plausible slogan will catch them. If they are not given some worthwhile work straight away, there will come a social revolution of such violence that the Nazi regime in Germany will seem only a mild anticipation.

It will be aimless unless it is given an aim; it will be futile unless it is given an idea. How far can the intellectual organisation of America produce the clear ideas that will turn these leaderless masses and their accumulated energy towards the rapid making of a new world?

IV

RUNNING AWAY FROM PHANTOMS

THIS IS THE most preposterous war in history. A war of bluff. Fewer people are being killed in proportion to the populations engaged than were ever killed in any war before. Never has there been so much needless running away.

The wealthy British skedaddle to Canada, America and the ends of the earth; and the poor, lest their betters should be ashamed, are incited to bolt to chilly, infectious air raid shelters, where they catch colds and cerebro-spinal meningitis and get killed in batches, when they would be far safer if they stayed put and protected their homes from fire.

In London, in Berlin, there is far more noise than destruction. Goering "destroys" towns overnight and they resume work and sweep up their broken glass in the morning. It is a war of malicious mischief behind Turnip Ghosts.

The chief reality is the air war, an ever-growing intolerable nuisance for mankind, which obviously necessitates a world federal control of the air. But the common sense of mankind feels its way to that common-sense conclusion through a world disaster of scared people rushing hither and thither to escape their own fears. It is plain and fitting that two such demented beings as Hitler and Goering should loom through this haze of panic, one as a quasi-divine leader of men—"Whatever he threatens he accomplishes"—and the other as a great aerial strategist. And behind them our frightened appeasers have conjured up a still more fantastic monster, the invincible German army.

In 1914 the Hohenzollern army was the best in the world. Behind that screaming little defective at Berlin there is nothing of the sort. We live in a patchwork of decaying social systems because we have not yet assembled enough common sense to make a new world. These social systems would be collapsing

were there no Hitler and no Germany to play Bogey and shake them to pieces.

Even the jumble of ill-equipped levies which the Allies sent to Norway instead of an army, in the hands of any more competent leadership than the absurd Ironside, could have held that country. No real German army ever appeared there. Hitler won Norway with a few hundred second-rate aeroplanes and a few score Quislings. It was funk unpreparedness and hesitation on our side that lost Trondhjem.

In France the mighty phantom army had a walkover. The French, outflanked and betrayed, ran before it. Their Generals were beaten by a sudden realisation of their own unpreparedness and incompetence, by tanks that had been made in Czechoslovakia, by radio voices around them and behind them, messenger boys on motor bicycles who told them to surrender. No real army pursued them. Whole towns surrendered to half a dozen German cyclists.

Yet our military "experts" discuss the waiting Phantom. In their imaginations it is perfect in its equipment and invincible in discipline. Sometimes it is to strike a decisive "blow" through Spain and North Africa and on, or march through the Balkans, march from the Danube to Ankara, to Persia, to India, or "crush Russia", or "pour over the Brenner into Italy".

The weeks pass by and the Phantom does none of these things—for one excellent reason. It does not exist to that extent. Most of such inadequate guns and munitions as it possessed must have been taken from it and fooled away in Hitler's silly feints to invade Britain. And its raw Jerry-built discipline is wilting under a creeping realisation that the Blitzkrieg is spent, and the war is coming home to roost.

My witness is the Fuehrer himself. In his recent speeches he has been squealing like a gripped rabbit. His Turnip Ghost is coming to pieces in the sight of all men and he feels bared to all the world. But what frightens him now is no Turnip Ghost; it is the social revolution coming back to Germany. If he cannot make terms with that, whither can he go?

V

RUNNING AFTER PHANTOMS

THE PRESENT UNUSUAL disorganisation of the world is due to certain profound changes in the conditions of life, brought about by invention and discovery during the past third of a century. Air navigation and the radio have abolished distance; we are all living in one community and it is now within the power of any desperate nation or body of men to set up an air terror that can destroy the peace and security of all mankind. It is a matter of common sense and police to control this by a federal world air control which will lay the foundations for a world federal conservation of human resources.

An increasing number of intelligent people are grasping this idea and all that it implies, but a vaster majority fail to appreciate it, or resist apprehending it, because it clashes too violently with pre-existing habits of thought. They have lived comfortably in relation to mythological national phantoms, Columbia, La France, Britannia, Italia, Belgium and the like. Under the new conditions their once convenient and unifying phantoms fail to sustain and protect them. There is still a wild search for other phantoms, larger and wider in scope, that will still excuse them from the high and difficult realism of a federated world.

Conspicuous among these phantoms is the Holy Roman Empire. Its temporal arm is to be that pleasant young man, the Archduke Otto, raised to imperial rank; its spiritual leader, the Pope; its capital, Vienna. As the prestige and strength of the Hitler-Goering gang dribble out, this conception is being thrust upon the world with increasing energy. It does not begin to solve the urgent problem of air control and world conservation because the intelligences behind it plainly do not understand that such a problem exists. On the other hand, this conception sets itself in the path of world unification. To be frank about it, I think a new Holy Roman Empire has as much chance of

succeeding as a revival of the Empire of Asoka, or the Babylonian Empire, or the Empire of Tamurlane. Furthermore, to disinter this ghost at the present time may confuse and divert the creative effort of the human intelligence just at the most crucial phase of human history. Destiny is a non-reversible process, and a failure to adapt on the part of any living species means death.

This Holy Roman Empire idea is unhappily the declared policy of the present Pope. No one has paid more emphatic tribute than I to the role of the Catholic Church in preserving learning and insisting on the dignity of the human individual, but I know of nothing in its teachings which obliges a Catholic to follow the Pope's political leadership. *Ex cathedra* he is something more than a man; he becomes then the infallible mediator between truth and the faithful; but when he is not speaking *ex cathedra* on matters of faith and morals, he is no more authoritative than any other individual. With regard to this bag of galvanised political bones, the Holy Roman Empire, the good Catholic is as free to use his private judgment as the extremest Protestant. And I appeal to him to use it now in the name of mankind.

This particular article was not syndicated with its fellows, nor were one or two of the later ones in which there was similar plain speaking about Catholic organisations, and it is interesting to tell why they were not syndicated, because it reveals very plainly the role of the Catholic Church in burking discussion and critical thought. Where it is in power it prohibits and destroys books; when it is not actually able to do that, it intimidates and boycotts. Its boycott is highly organised, persistent and unscrupulous. It attacks newspapers through their circulation and through their advertisers. Here is an extract from a letter I received from the entrepreneur who had rashly committed himself to circulate whatever I saw fit to say. "You will remember," he writes, "I was afraid of the articles which 'took a shot at' the Catholic Church and the Pope. I showed these articles to a few editors who are very good friends of mine and they said, unanimously, they wouldn't dare run them. So, in my general offering, I left those articles out." And further he says, "I most respectfully, but urgently, request you to 'lay off' the Pope and

the Catholic Church. Again, may I remind you that this is not a personal matter with me (my dad was a Baptist Minister)."

You see how it works even in the free democracy of America. That is where we stand with organised Catholicism. It is a propaganda as penetrating as the Nazi propaganda and far more deeply rooted. It drives a wedge between the obedient Catholic—thank heaven they are not all obedient!—and all modern-minded people. It is the same sort of world-wide conspiracy. Simple, credulous, obedient souls are trained to do evil. It is dreadful how their priests mobilise them. You can no more trust a devout Catholic in your household and in your confidence than you can risk frankness or association with a Nazi spy.

Never will the devout Catholic be really frank with you. Always there will be a reservation; always the priest will be lurking in the background. His directions will come between you and your Catholic friend. To marry a Catholic is only half a marriage, and your children will be only half your own. And manifestly if you do business with Catholic shops, if you subscribe to Catholic charities, if you entrust your children to Catholic teachers, you are helping to sustain a hostile campaign against the candid life. That campaign will be furtive when it must and overbearing when it dares. We too are forced to discriminate in self-defence.

This Roman Catholic propaganda, the Nazi propaganda and the conspiratorial sabotage propaganda of the Comintern, may be different in formula, but in spirit they are the same thing, the resistance of men clinging desperately to dogmas in which their faith is failing and to the malicious satisfactions of conscious inferiority. They are spite systems. They fight instinctively to keep the curtains drawn against a light that they feel will blind and expose them. The slum-bred child loves the slums; the infectious tramp dreads a bath. Catholic, Nazi, Communist alike, shut their eyes and ears. They burn books, they stifle discussion. They are at one in their efforts to delay, for their own lives anyhow, if not to prevent altogether, that unified and illuminated New World Order which is so possible and yet so uncertain still in these tremendous days.

VI

WHAT IS THE WAR?

HISTORY ALWAYS BREAKS through precedents and formalities. It is an unscholarly process, and this tremendous struggle has little or no relation now to the diplomatic comings and goings that set it going. It is as if children playing with fireworks had set a whole countryside afire. We are face to face with the Air Terror and probably not a soul among those who set it going had a realisation, even a couple of years ago, of the destructive forces they were unchaining. The war did not begin with this Air blitzkrieg, but now this blitzkrieg is the inexorable problem before mankind.

Yet it could have been foreseen. It has hung over us for a third of a century. It was foretold by intelligent observers when first aviation began. But politicians have narrow outlooks and distrust and fear imaginative foresight. They do not go, and practically they cannot go, beyond the general ideas of their time and class and party. To do so would be to retire from public life. This is almost as true of "leaders" and dictators as of democratic statesmen. They, too, must keep in fashion, as poor distressed Benito is beginning to learn.

It is interesting to turn over the pages of such a record as *Keesing's Contemporary Archives* and trace the succession of events since 1933. There the traditional processes of history go on, the notes, the messages, the threats, the visits and conferences, until at last poor Mr Chamberlain, most worthy and inadequate of national leaders, completely disillusioned about Hitler's truthfulness, and exasperated beyond endurance by the scandalous mockery and defiance of his umbrella, launched his rash and futile guarantee to Poland, and set going a war that, from the Tory and official point of view, was nothing more, and still is nothing more, than a war to redeem that pledge. Even now, the Foreign Offices are still too busy with their trivial fireworks

to realise the conflagration that has broken loose about their little pops and bangs. At the back of it all, we begin to realise now, the new Air Terror waited, an ever-growing and relentless giant, capable of destroying every human value.

Slowly, but oh, so slowly, the realisation spreads that the only possible way to arrest that destruction and bring this still-unfolding catastrophe to any sort of conclusion, is a federal world control of the air. There is no other way. That is why lookers-on like myself, who have had the advantage of a detachment from urgent war responsibilities, write with a certain impatience and anger of the sustained unawareness of these Halifaxs and so forth, of this supreme human necessity. Their war for Poland and their diplomatic permutations and combinations make no sense to us. We are disposed to hiss them off the stage. That is quite unjust, because they know no better, but our lives and all we dare hope for are fatally entangled in their "policies". The Air Terror goes on. Spain is well wrecked; Eastern China; now Siam, with Japan at the back of her, has done a little smashing-up in Cambodia (January 1941). Our politicians do nothing to end it. Manifestly they are too old-fashioned, mentally and morally, for the job.

VII

THE IMMEDIATE TASK

AIR-RAID TERRORISM IS a new thing in human experience. It has arisen in the past third of a century. It is rapidly destroying the fabric of human society. The destruction of material and morale is already terrific. It is an urgent universal human concern to end it for ever. It can be ended only by setting up a federal world control of the air. This is possible only through the frank co-operation of the English-speaking peoples and Russia, if only for this one particular end. That is an entirely practicable necessity and there is no other way of escape from progressive social dissolution.

All the other disputes, nationalisms, idealisms, revenges, sentimentalities, religious bickerings, sports, snobberies, financial operations and so forth and so on, which have hitherto engaged people's minds so distractingly and entrancingly, can still go on after this supreme and overwhelming danger has been averted, but none of them can survive in a phase of universal catastrophe. We have to forget all these squabbings for a time, as men who live in the same house forget their differences when that house catches fire. First and foremost, we have to unite and put out the fire. After that we may agree to differ again.

I have been accused of splitting the British war effort by pointing out that the present British Government seems totally unaware of the existence of this supreme necessity to end Air-raid Terrorism, and that it is conducting this present war blindly and stupidly as if it were an ordinary struggle for power along the lines of past history. It is not that. It is an urgent new crisis, and I and others have been doing our utmost to awaken people to this realization. I have been accused of discrediting such figures as Lord Halifax, Mr Eden and the like, by denouncing their obvious intellectual and moral incapacity for the task in hand. I have gone about America

doing that, and all I regret is that my voice is not louder and more far-reaching. The brutal truth about these British Tories is that they completely underrate the gravity of the present world crisis and, so far from splitting the British war effort, I am doing my utmost to avert a feeble-witted betrayal of the courage and resolution of our common people. The Air Terror must be settled with and made for ever after impossible. Since the only way to that is a world federal control, I contend that upon this issue all men are my fellow-citizens and equally concerned with myself in saving our species from such an end to normal human living. I speak as a free democrat in a world to be made safe for democracy. Dispose of that Terror now, and then, under the shield of that common world agreement, people can, if they like, resume all their religious, racial, social, industrial, financial claims, assertions and prejudices. But the house is afire and it will not wait, and the obstructive mentality of the British Tory Party, still in control of British policy, is an unmitigated nuisance and danger to all mankind.

VIII

THE BARE SITUATION

THE PRESENT CATASTROPHIC situation of the world's affairs can be stripped down to fairly simple terms. By a series of inventions and discoveries, in the course of a brief third of a century, distance has been abolished and limitless power for intimidation and destruction brought within the reach of any group of people disposed for aggressive adventure. The increase in power is by no means at an end. The breaking-down of uranium has progressed so far that now, at any time, our supply of energy may be increased one hundred thousand times. The political organisations and traditions of the past, based mainly on conceptions of a conflict of territorial sovereign states, fighting for "ascendancy" with the puny weapons then available, are altogether incapable of dealing with the new problems that face them. Our species, unless it can adapt its behaviour to these new conditions which it has itself produced, must necessarily destroy itself by its own excessive and undisciplined energy.

One only line of escape is conceivable; such a practical unification of human motives upon a continually progressive, creative and expanding world society as will turn this inescapable power and proximity we have brought upon ourselves, from disaster to triumph. Clear-headed men have already planned out, in convincing terms, the broad methods of that unification. Mr Gifford Pinchot's conception of a World Conservation of Human Resources, before they are utterly laid waste, and that series of Federation Schemes, of which Mr Clarence Streit's *Union Now* was the stimulating pioneer, are becoming more practicable with every sunrise. It becomes plainer and plainer that the thin edge of the wedge that will open the way to a new world, is the establishment of a federal world air control, as the conclusion of the present fighting—an *ad hoc* federal

world control. As the ebb of the Nazi thrust continues, it will be in the power of the three great air forces left dominant in the world, America, the British Commonwealth of States and Russia, to impose such a federation on the world—and if it is not done then, it may never be done.

This is the plain common sense of the world situation, but, unhappily, the mental habits of the vast mass of mankind are quite opposed to looking any situation in the face, and the political spectacle of our time is a vast confusion of cultivated disregards, or evasions that seem at times almost conscious and deliberate, of mulish bigotries, unteachable conceits, delays, self-deceptions, a pitiful welter, while time marches on relentlessly and the implacable logic in things, which will not abate one jot or one tittle of our punishment, accomplishes itself.

IX

FOREIGN OFFICE WIDOWS

I WAS IN BERMUDA when the news came that Lord Halifax had handed over the British Foreign Office to Mr Eden and was to be Ambassador at Washington. There was a lively discussion of the change. It was good to have Lord Halifax out of the Foreign Office, but it was felt that a large balance of harm might still accrue from these two gentlemen who remain persistently and incurably unaware of what this war is about. It is a new sort of conflict because invention and discovery have revolutionized the conditions of human life in a third of a century. Distance has been abolished and there has been such a release of power in the world that it is possible for any desperate gang of men who can seize upon the resources of a sovereign State to inaugurate an Air Terror. It has become imperatively necessary to set up a federal world control, at least of the air, to prevent this, a federal air police. Only in this way can recurrent Air Terrorism be ended. This is manifest common sense in plain English.

But these two strange "statesmen" are deaf and blind to this glaring reality. If that statement was made to them in Estonian, let us say, or some remote Chinese dialect, they could not be more impervious to its meaning. Their minds are preoccupied by remote far-off things. Lord Halifax would restore "Christendom" to the world, a glorified revival of the pestilence-ridden, famine-haunted, insanitary, unstable Holy Roman Empire, before the discovery of printing and America. He is the relict of that world that never was. And Mr Anthony Eden, having wedded himself to the poor dead League of Nations, still cannot believe it dead. He is as inconsolable as that quintessential widow, mad Joanna, the mother of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who trailed her husband's corpse about with her, in a leaden

coffin, wherever she went, and lies beside it now in Granada cathedral.

Britain indeed is a widow-ridden land. Mr Samuel Weller remarked upon it. The only recorded instance of revolt was when, at the outbreak of the war, Professor Julian Huxley destroyed the black-widow spiders in the London Zoo. With their backs resolutely turned to the present possibility of a world reborn, these two fantastic Gummidges, at Washington and Downing Street, still brood over the dear dead past, and will, until the awakening common sense of the world sweeps them out of its way.

X

ORGANISATION AND FREEDOM

ABUSE OF TRUST is the common form of most human relationships. We expect more and, if we can, we take it. That is a universal tendency. So the democratic spirit distrusts organisation. That is its weakness in an emergency and its strength in the long run. The fight for liberty throughout the whole of history has been a fight to keep organisation in its place. By law. The riddle for our race has been the problem of co-operation in individual initiative, without coagulation. So soon as men get together for any collective enterprise, they must entrust control to directors, specialists, generals, presidents, pontiffs, kings, and the like, and directly these individuals take hold of things they become impatient of interference and—such is human nature—they exaggerate and extend their claims upon our obedience. Instead of loyalty to the objective, they demand subservience to themselves. We must stand stiff to salute, we must yowl the *Horst Wessel* or *Internationale* or national anthem, we must cry “Heil Lindbergh” or “Stalin” or whoever sets up to be our master, to train us in obedience.

Maybe on these terms our collective enterprise succeeds—at the price of that free living in whose name it was undertaken.

The history of the Roman republic is a history of freedom betrayed. In the heroic days, every Roman praetor was accompanied by his quaestor, his political commissar, to check him in the name of the republic. When that safeguard vanished, and the generals took over the army, that long decadence of Imperialism began, which culminated in the God Emperors and moral and material bankruptcy.

The American constitution again is an elaborate system of checks to avert the possibility of any such abuse of power.

All down the historical record men have struggled against the abuse of power. Not only the general and the obliging

political leader, the "expert" and the King "by divine right", but the priest and the very pontiff himself, encroach and encroach. The present Pope, not content with his high and mystical functions *ex-cathedra*, must needs do his best to drag the Catholic world along the lines of his extremely amateurish dream of restoring the Holy Roman Empire. It is not his business. I think he is exposing Catholicism to considerable strains. He raises the question whether a good Catholic can also be a good Democrat. In Ireland, every priest is an amateur politician, more politician and local squire nowadays than priest, and, unrestrained by any reproof from Rome, he foments those ancient hates that have made Ireland the maddest neutral country on earth. The rôle of Ireland in the struggle against Nazi aggression has still to be revealed. But everywhere the story is the same. The labour organiser, organises labour to dominate it and sell it; the communist creates a dismal, conspiratorial slavery in the name of "party discipline".

Yet, still a steady minority has held out through the ages, hating uniforms, refusing to burn incense to Caesar, wearing neither badges nor buttons, falling out of step with the enthusiastic crowd whenever a stampede begins, insisting on the fundamental rights of man. Law based on a clear Declaration of Rights is their instrument. That recalcitrant legal-minded minority is the hope of mankind.

XI

LAW

I AM GOING to write down certain things so obvious that I apologise for doing so. Yet they seem to be overlooked by three-quarters of the minds that are discussing and directing our affairs to-day. The supreme importance of law and law-abidingness is disregarded as though it were an outworn platitude. It is not. It is the core and essence of civilisation.

The normal method of human control is intimidation. The only difference between a civilisation and a tyranny is that in the former case the intimidation is regulated by law. There is no freedom without law, but nevertheless the law, though it binds us, binds us for our common good. There can be unjust and tyrannous laws, but at their worst they define offences and state penalties. There can be partial civilisations denying the protection of the law to excluded classes. Nevertheless no social stability is possible without law by which men know what they can do or not do. The alternative is anarchy.

Essentially this war is a war against anarchy. But legal and constitutional procedure is slow in the face of rapid events, and our laws embody a mass of antiquated tradition. We need a vigorous agitation to quicken legal and legislative machinery and to reorganise legal theory and education upon a modern basis. Law and government are still trying to restrain us to the pace of the horse-and-foot world. Because of these inadequacies there has been a world-wide propaganda of lawlessness. The Totalitarian State is such a propaganda. It is not a new order but a repudiation of order.

The idea of defiant lawlessness was abroad long before this Totalitarian stuff was heard of. Carlyle's Strong Man teaching was all for lawlessness. Long ago I denounced Kipling's *Stalky and Co.* as a sadistic attack on the honour of the British Empire as an empire of law. Equally have I denounced sabotage and

the destructive tactics of the Communist Party. The "Gawdsaker", the fool who stops all argument with the scream of "Fer Gawd's sake do sumphink" is now our essential danger. He is the hysterical soldier who fires his shot to relieve his own tension and so exposes his side. The impatient disingenuous bid fair to destroy any hope of a new order in the world. That can be based only on one foundation, a clear declaration of the Rights of Man as the common fundamental law of the whole human community.

Such a Declaration exists, the Sankey Declaration. It could become at once the most powerful propaganda weapon for honest democracies, and its realisation would be their victory. For if we are not fighting for the reign of law, what on earth are we fighting for, and if the law we are fighting for is not these universal elementary human rights, what sort of law do we desire?

XII

DECLARATION OF RIGHTS

BECAUSE OF THE encumbrance of Tite Barnacles which hampers Great Britain, that country after a year of fighting has made no official statement of its war aims. This ambiguity darkens the human outlook. There has been a world-wide need for some formula upon which mankind can unite against Air Terrorism and the present frantic waste of the world's resources. Such a Declaration was drawn up last year, after a world-wide debate, by a committee of responsible British people under the presidency of that great lawyer, Lord Sankey. It stands available to-day. It could be adopted as a universal fundamental law so soon as war conditions cease. As the basic law of the Federal World State, it would of course automatically abolish every law and usage that contradicted it. It could be pleaded forthwith in any court as overriding any local law or custom.

Two remarkable things are to be noted about this Declaration. The first is that no Government, political party, organisation or personage in the non-Totalitarian world has subscribed outright to it, and the second that none among them has come out with a plain refusal to accept its propositions. They become evasive. They question its practicability; doubt whether the world is "ripe" for it; quibble, drop the subject and talk about something else. There is the Declaration now, a challenge, a criterion, asserting plainly the equal rights of all men on earth to protection from aggression and domination, which is what we British commoners at any rate believe we fight for. My long-standing conviction that I am unusually simple and that my fellow men are mostly too clever by half, is greatly strengthened. Goebbels with his band of radio propagandists jeers at the good faith of the pious pluto-democracies. The plain answer to him, to set the Western democracies right in the eyes of the world, is a frank assertion of this Declaration, which assures the liberty,

equality and fraternity of all men of every race and colour. Or he goes unanswered.

In the thousands of letters that poured in during the discussion of the Declaration, a considerable number opposed it because it did not assert and impose upon all mankind, some particular fad. Vegetarians, for example, wanted clauses to establish the legal rights of animals (pigs, e.g.). And a great number of quite eminent religious leaders avoided the challenge of a common justice for all mankind because, said they, the Declaration lacks "spirituality". It asserts righteousness, justice, universal service and helpfulness, but because it does not invoke some particular Deity—among the endless varieties of Deity in the religions of mankind—they shirk it. That to me was the strangest thing about that discussion, the antagonism of this spirituality as something opposed to plain righteousness. Apparently there are Gods—and more of them than I suspected—who are not righteous Gods. Just as there are Gods who, lest they fade out of existence, have to be protected by the blinds of censorship and persecution from the light.

Here then I give the Sankey Declaration:—

DECLARATION OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN

Introduction

Within the space of little more than a hundred years there has been a complete revolution in the material conditions of human life. Invention and discovery have so changed the pace and nature of communications round and about the earth that the distances which formerly kept the states and nations of mankind apart have now been practically abolished. At the same time there has been so gigantic an increase of mechanical power, and such a release of human energy, that men's ability either to co-operate with, or to injure and oppress one another, and to consume, develop or waste the bounty of nature, has been exaggerated beyond all comparison with former times. This process of change has mounted swiftly and steadily in the past third of a century, and is now approaching a climax.

It becomes imperative to adjust man's life and institutions to the increasing dangers and opportunities of these new

circumstances. He is being forced to organise co-operation among the medley of separate sovereign States which has hitherto served his political ends. At the same time he finds it necessary to rescue his economic life from devastation by the immensely enhanced growth of profit-seeking business and finance. Political, economic and social collectivisation is being forced upon him. He responds to these new conditions blindly and with a great wastage of happiness and well being. Governments are becoming either state collectivism or passing under the sway of monopolist productive and financial organisations. Religious organisations, education and the Press are subordinated to the will of dictatorial groups and individuals while scientific and literary work and a multitude of social activities, which have hitherto been independent and spontaneous, fall under the influence of these modern concentrations of power. Neither Governments nor great economic and financial combinations were devised to exercise such powers; they grew up in response to the requirements of an earlier age. Under the stress of the new conditions, insecurity, abuses and tyrannies increase; and liberty, particularly liberty of thought and speech, decays. Phase by phase these ill-adapted Governments and controls are restricting that free play of the individual mind which is the preservative of human efficiency and happiness. The temporary advantage of swift and secret action which these monopolisations of power display is gained at the price of profound and progressive social demoralisation. Bereft of liberty and sense of responsibility, the peoples are manifestly doomed to lapse, after a phase of servile discipline, into disorder and violence. Confidence and deliberation give place to hysteria, apathy and inefficiency. Everywhere war and monstrous economic exploitation are intensified, so that those very same increments of power and opportunity which have brought mankind within sight of an age of limitless plenty seem likely to be lost again, and, it may be, lost for ever, in a chaotic and irremediable social collapse.

It becomes clear that a unified political, economic and social order can alone put an end to these national and private appropriations that now waste the mighty possibilities of our time. The history of the Western peoples has a lesson for all mankind.

It has been the practice of what are called the democratic

or Parliamentary countries to meet every enhancement and centralisation of power in the past by a definite and vigorous reassertion of the individual rights of man. Never before has the demand to revive that precedent been so urgent as it is now. We of the Parliamentary democracies recognise the inevitability of world reconstruction upon collectivist lines, but, after our tradition, we couple with that recognition a Declaration of Rights, so that the profound changes now in progress shall produce not an attempted reconstruction of human affairs in the dark, but a rational reconstruction conceived and arrived at in the full light of day. To that time-honoured instrument of a Declaration of Rights we therefore return, but now upon a world scale.

1. Right to Live

By the word "man" in this Declaration is meant every living human being without distinction of age or sex.

Every man is a joint inheritor of all the natural resources and of the powers, inventions and possibilities accumulated by our forerunners. He is entitled, within the measure of these resources and without distinction of race, colour or professed belief or opinions, to the nourishment, covering and medical care needed to realise his full possibilities of physical and mental development from birth to death. Notwithstanding the various and unequal qualities of individuals, all men shall be deemed absolutely equal in the eyes of the law, equally important in social life and equally entitled to the respect of their fellow men.

2. Protection of Minors

The natural and rightful guardians of those who are not of an age to protect themselves are their parents. In default of such parental protection in whole or in part, the community, having due regard to the family traditions of the child, shall accept or provide alternative guardians.

3. Duty to the Community

It is the duty of every man not only to respect but to uphold and to advance the rights of all other men throughout the world. Furthermore, it is his duty to contribute such service to

the community as will ensure the performance of those necessary tasks for which the incentives which will operate in a free society do not provide. It is only by doing his quota of service that a man can justify his partnership in the community. No man shall be conscripted for military or other service to which he has a conscientious objection, but to perform no social duty whatsoever is to remain unenfranchised and under guardianship.

4. Right to Knowledge

It is the duty of the community to equip every man with sufficient education to enable him to be as useful and interested a citizen as his capacity allows. Furthermore it is the duty of the community to render all knowledge available to him and such special education as will give him equality of opportunity for the development of his distinctive gifts in the service of mankind. He shall have easy and prompt access to all information necessary for him to form a judgment upon current events and issues.

5. Freedom of Thought and Worship

Every man has a right to the utmost freedom of expression, discussion, association and worship.

6. Right to Work

Subject to the needs of the community, a man may engage freely in any lawful occupation, earning such pay as the contribution that his work makes to the welfare of the community may justify or that the desire of any private individual or individuals for his products, his performances or the continuation of his activities may produce for him.

7. Right in Personal Property

In the enjoyment of his personal property, lawfully possessed, a man is entitled to protection from public or private violence, deprivation, compulsion and intimidation.

8. Freedom of Movement

A man may move freely about the world at his own expense. His private dwelling, however, and any reasonably limited

enclosure of which he is the occupant, may be entered only with his consent or by a legally qualified person empowered with a warrant as the law may direct. So long as by his movement he does not intrude upon the private domain of any other citizen, harm, or disfigure or encumber what is not his, interfere with, or endanger its proper use, or seriously impair the happiness of others, he shall have the right to come and go wherever he chooses, by land, air or water, over any kind of country, mountain, moorland, river, lake, sea or ocean, and all the ample spaces of this, his world.

9. Personal Liberty

Unless a man is declared by a competent authority to be a danger to himself or to others through mental abnormality, a declaration which must be confirmed within seven days and thereafter reviewed at least annually, he shall not be restrained for more than twenty-four hours without being charged with a definite offence, nor shall he be remanded for a longer period than eight days without his consent, nor imprisoned for more than three months without a trial. At a reasonable time before his trial, he shall be furnished with a copy of the evidence which it is proposed to use against him. At the end of the three months period, if he has not been tried and sentenced by due process of the law, he shall be acquitted and released. No man shall be charged more than once for the same offence. Although he is open to the free criticism of his fellows, a man shall have adequate protection from any misrepresentation that may distress or injure him. Secret evidence is not permissible. Statements recorded in administrative dossiers shall not be used to justify the slightest infringement of personal liberty. A dossier is merely a memorandum for administrative use; it shall not be used as evidence without proper confirmation in open court.

10. Freedom from Violence

No man shall be subjected to any sort of mutilation except with his own deliberate consent, freely given, nor to forcible handling, except in restraint of his own violence, nor to torture, beating or any other physical ill-treatment. He shall not be subjected to mental distress, or to imprisonment in infected,

verminous or otherwise insanitary quarters, or be put into the company of verminous or infectious people. But if he is himself infectious or a danger to the health of others, he may be cleansed, disinfected, put in quarantine or otherwise restrained so far as may be necessary to prevent harm to his fellows. No one shall be punished vicariously by the selection, arrest or ill-treatment of hostages.

11. Right of Law-Making

The rights embodied in this Declaration are fundamental and inalienable.

In conventional and in administrative matters, but in no others, it is an obvious practical necessity for men to limit the free play of certain of these fundamental rights. (In, for example, such conventional matters as the rule of the road or the protection of money from forgery, and in such administrative matters as town and country planning, or public hygiene.) No law, conventional or administrative, shall be binding on any man or any section of the community unless it has been made openly with the active or tacit acquiescence of every adult citizen concerned, given either by direct majority vote of the community affected or by a majority vote of his representatives publicly elected. These representatives shall be ultimately responsible for all by-laws and for detailed interpretations made in the execution of the law. In matters of convention and collective action, man must abide by majority decisions ascertained by electoral methods which give effective expression to individual choice. All legislation must be subject to public discussion, revision or repeal. No treaties or contracts shall be made secretly in the name of the community. The fount of legislation in a free world is the whole people, and since life flows on constantly to new citizens, no generation can, in whole or in part, surrender or delegate this legislative power, inalienably inherent in mankind.

XIII

COMPROMISE

THE BRITISH PEOPLES have fought stoutly and won, they are assured, the admiration of mankind. They have fought for freedom and an enduring peace for all the world. Fighting magnificently is not enough. They have to see that they get what they are fighting for. They have fought not only against the visible enemy but against frustration by incompetent generalship, social treachery in the Foreign Office, the sabotage and defeatism of owners, exploiters, speculators and the highly privileged, who seek openly to deprive them of the victory they can win, not only for themselves but for the whole world.

Now Britain is a complex country with traditions of give-and-take that it has taught the world. It is not simply the country of a downward class war. It is not a bare opposition of the clustering reactionaries who cumber the national activities and an increasingly resentful ordinary folk, who are daily more accustomed to hardship and killing. Were that so, Britain would be heading straight for a violent revolution now. But Britain is a graded country that long ago discovered better methods of readjustment than insurrection and the guillotine. There is a central mass of middle-class people with no definite boundaries above or below, but at every social level there are reasonable men who "don't want to go too far". This tradition of not going too far has been Britain's greatest gift to mankind. She worked out Parliamentary government. She invented the constitutional king who functions only by the advice of his ministers. Her national Church is a compromise. The Statute of Westminster is a magnificent compromise. And still, in the midst of the greatest storm that has ever broken upon humanity, Britain abounds in reasonable men. They hate and despise panic. They resent the suppression of books, papers and discussion. They will listen. They will listen in the pauses of a blitzkrieg. And when they

find the habits of their lifetime challenged by so drastic a retort to the present crisis in human affairs as a threefold Charter of Mankind—Federal World Air Control, Federal Conservation of World Resources and a world-wide fundamental Declaration of Rights—they are prepared to consider it and take whatever they can accept of it as, at any rate, a preferable alternative to world chaos.

The Established Church of England in its Malvern Conference was typical of this peculiar British adaptability. It accepted socialism boldly. It denounced ownership as completely as Proudhon. It renounced speculation as explicitly as the Soviet Republics. London has had a Stock Exchange for nearly four hundred years, and the Church of England is prepared to exorcise it. So one representative stratum of the British system reacts. In this period of intense mental movement, very considerable numbers of industrial owners, organisers and managers are weighing the alternatives of continuing as profiteers and the servants of predatory finance, or becoming public functionaries. For them too it is a question of by what steps and how far. They have habits of relationship not to be too violently dislocated. It may be less difficult for their sons. Inertia says, "Not too far and not too fast"; the renascent spirit of the people says, "Get on with it".

It will say "Get on with it", with a sense of urgency that will increase as the blitzkrieg continues. The speeding up of the world accelerates steadily. The British are fighting steadily, but they do not actually enjoy the prospect of a limitless blitzkrieg.

Will Britain in the midst of this deafening and blinding war still hold by her native traditions? Will she once again save herself by her own tough common sense and all the world by her example? In time?

Curiously enough Marx and Engels noted this British peculiarity. The latter in his preface to the 1886 edition of *Capital* reports conversations with Marx in which, in almost direct contradiction to his proletarian class war dogma, Marx is reported as declaring that "'in Europe, England is the only country where the inevitable social revolution might be effected entirely by peaceful and legal means'. He certainly never forgot to add that he hardly expected the English ruling classes to

submit, without a ‘pro-slavery rebellion’ to this peaceful and legal revolution”.

Marx was always at his best in contact with the finer intelligence of Engels, and here he comes much nearer to a forecast of our present situation than anything in the *Communist Manifesto*. For we are facing that “pro-slavery rebellion” now. Few people who have not read *Capital* realise how violently pro-British Marx could be.

XIV

IMPORTED COMMUNISM

MODERN COMMUNISM IS essentially a German product. Modern Communism, I say, because Utopian Communism, the dream of getting together in an atmosphere of love, having goods in common and never being bothered about debt, has been cropping up in one human mind after another since the beginnings of recorded history. Plato's *Republic*, the practices of the early Christians, More's *Utopia*, Morris's *News from Nowhere*, were all such Communisms. But the pseudo-scientific *Communist Manifesto* was the product of a strange interaction, in the ambitious inadequate mind of Karl Marx, of Proudhon's socialism, the Prussianised "philosophy" of Hegel, and a profound misunderstanding of British Trade Unionism.

Marx spent half his working life in the British Museum Reading Room. But his mind remained beyond the Rhine. The real significance of western democracy never dawned upon him. He died obscurely, and Lenin, who was eleven years old when Marx died, reshaped his doctrines and invented a strategy to suit Russian needs. It was Lenin's strategic genius and the Tsarist collapse that enabled him to impose Marxism upon Social Democracy and upon all the social discontent east of the Rhine. Russianised German Communism has remained an ideal even in Russia. There has never been a working Communism there. Russia is an autocratic State Socialism, and the idea of modern Democracy, entirely foreign and perplexing to the eastern mind, has been wrapped up and thrust aside in that fantastic self-contradictory phrase, "The Dictatorship of the Proletariat"—which Stalin is still trying to explain to himself and us.

Communism comes back to the Atlantic world as alien as Bahá'ism or Yoga or Bushido, as little capable of taking root. It borrows a certain prestige from the nationalist modernisation

of Russia, but its mentality is still conspiratorial. It is incapable of free mental action without a political motive. It talks ridiculously of Proletarian chemistry or Prolet-art. It cannot air its differences in an atmosphere of open speech. It is obsessed by the underground idea of "party discipline". It clings to methods that are only excusable against violent suppression. Falsification, mischief-making, sabotage and counter-murder are the substance of its imaginations.

So in the West it appeals only to three types of mind, to youth in that conspiratorial stage through which most of us pass, to specially embittered workers or to the cadging trouble-maker, who lives by the disorganisation of genuine labour socialism. In a recently published book, *Out of the Night*, there is a devastating account by what is perhaps a synthetic author called Valtin, of this last type of professional revolutionary. Much of it, however the material may have been assembled, I find very convincing. The account of the British Communists tallies closely with all I know about them. They cadge—from anybody. Communist propaganda probably receives as much monetary support from Nazis and employers who want to paint every resistance to their aggressions red, as it does from that dull excrescence upon the New Russia, the Comintern. At the present time Russia is as urgently in need of co-operation with America and Britain, as they are with Russia. Not all the work of Goebbels is as effective in preventing that as these Comintern activities. If ever I have a second talk with Joseph Stalin, I shall ask whether he knows about them, how he imagines they are paid, and why he lets them happen.

XV

RED CHRISTIANITY

(JANUARY 1941)

ONE OF THE most remarkable events in the world has still to be grasped by the English-speaking peoples. The Established Church of England, the mother of the American and other Episcopalian Churches throughout the world, has gone red—bright red! Under the leadership of the Archbishop of York, at the conclusion of a representative conference of churchmen on the relation of the Church to society, and scarcely more than nineteen hundred years after the founder of Christianity sent the rich young man away and made such a pother among the money-changers in the Temple, it has announced that “the time has come” for Christians to declare plainly that (1) the private ownership of the industrial resources of the community is “contrary to God’s plan for mankind” and (2) that the striving for “ownership” forced upon us in a profiteering world is a “stumbling block”, making it hard for men to lead Christian lives. Manifestly this is a plain assertion of collectivism and the wickedness of the acquisitive life, that is to say, it is outright Socialism, or else—what is it?

Hearing some report of this stupendous occurrence in the evening, I turned to my next morning’s newspapers in a state of perhaps exaggerated excitement. Considering our present difficulties about pigments and paper, I did not expect to find the first page of my London *Times*, printed in red, but I was surprised to find this valiant assertion of essential Christianity by the Church not even noted among “Events of the Day”. In fact, I had some difficulty in discovering a brief report on an obscure page, under the tepid heading of *Church and Society; Conclusions of the Malvern Conference*. I turned to a radical newspaper. Here there were symptoms of excitement, a framed

announcement on the front page and a report, but not a full report, of those *Conclusions*. In this world storm of events, the clear assertion of Socialism as the faith of the Established Church of England was being treated as a minor matter of course!

There is something either magnificent or preposterous about this calm transition of the Anglican world to Socialism. I know the Archbishop of York of old and I cannot believe that, on this great occasion, he could have been talking through his mitre, or whatever else is the arch episcopal equivalent of the secular hat. The consequences are amazing. When our Lord Halifax, that faithful son of the Church, arrives in Washington, he will no doubt make it his first business to discuss the technical difficulties of expropriating wealth and liberating our souls from the ownership mentality, not only with the President, whom the hard-faced business men long since denounced as a Red, but with his fellow Ambassador, Mr Oumansky from Soviet Russia, who has witnessed the successful abolition of speculation in the Soviet Union. These conversations should be worth hearing. Whichever way predatory finance now turns, these red lights will be against it. Provided that the common sense of mankind is alert to enforce the significance of these red lights.

XVI

BRITISH SOLIDARITY

SO FAR AS fighting goes the British peoples have shown an invincible solidarity, mainly because there has been no political killing on a large scale in Great Britain since 1745. The absence of insurmountable caste divisions has facilitated social admixture. And behind a couple of centuries of peace is that much longer record of compromise that for instance gave Britain Parliamentary institutions and the Anglican Church. The idea of talking it over, of appeasement, so fatal in dealing with a malignant enemy, has served the British gentry well in internal affairs. The people got votes, education, social services, unemployment pay. Social conflict there was, because all the ruling class did not understand appeasement. Dickens, in that broadly handled masterpiece, *Bleak House*, shows the family of "Tite Barnacles" clinging to every advantage and being slowly dislodged.

That eighty-year-old picture of the fundamental elements in the British social conflict is still vivid. But Dickens was too optimistic. Britain has its Tite Barnacles to-day, more tenacious than ever. They have found allies in the systematic aggression of the Vatican and in the whole world of speculative wealth, which must vanish before the onset of liberal socialism. The advertisement-ruled Press has joined up. Every stratum of prestige, privilege or pretension is infected now with a common fear of and hostility to any new world system. War promises an immediate opportunity to clamp unwonted discipline upon the workers, to muzzle popular spokesmen, suppress books and newspapers, disorganise social services, cripple and pervert the education of the coming generation. In the midst of the war they attempt this; while the British common folk fight like lions in the name of freedom. Since the betrayal of the legal government of Spain, in the face of all

that is most British, this bolder sabotage by the Tite Barnacles has gone on.

This is new and amazing in British life, flatly contradicting the great traditions which made the British flag the symbol of progressive liberation throughout the world. It is destroying that solidarity of the British people which it has taken two centuries to build. The Tite Barnacles stand stoutly by class rule, military incompetence and the estrangement of all those oppressed multitudes abroad who would be the eager allies of a liberating Britain. Yet the Anglo-American British Premier is no Tite Barnacle, nor are the Labour representatives in the Government. Why do they suffer this? The Malvern Conference has declared the Church of England socialist and cosmopolitan. The Air Terror has taught all reasonable men the urgent need of World Federation. Still the plain statement of Britain's purpose in this war lags. Britain produces no Declaration of Human Rights. Where are the restraints that hold back the national will and betray the national tradition, so that in Church, Cabinet, Parliament, Street, alike, Britain is not reiterating L. S. Amery's inspired quotation, "Depart, I say; and let us have done with you. In the name of God,—go!"?

XVII

WAR OF LIBERATION

THE COMMON SENSE of mankind insists that this must be a war of liberation both from the present incessant evil of Air Terrorism and from the narrow, insufficient and possessive past that condemned the majority of mankind to toil and servitude for the benefit of a privileged minority. The inventions and discoveries of the past hundred years have abolished distance and released an ever-increasing amount of human and physical energy, either for the service or the destruction of mankind. That old order of social inequality and competition to possess, is as dead as the life of the cave men. We have to liberate ourselves from its decay.

The rotting corpse of that old world stifles us. The common British people fight, and fight magnificently, for a new world of hope. They are prepared and fit for the task of world liberation. Churchill is their national leader because they trust him to fight stoutly to a finish. But the decadent Vichy-minded British ruling class—which has entrenched itself in the Foreign Office, which finds its expression in the Tory press, and which does its utmost to justify Goebbels' jeering phrase, "Plutodemocracy"—stands behind him, ready to attack him and cripple his effort. In Britain as in America reaction controls most of the Press. Churchill, like Roosevelt, knows that he fights with the business man's dagger waiting at his back. So after a year of warfare Britain presents itself ambiguously to the world. The smouldering rebellion against Totalitarian tyranny in every country in Europe, does not burst into flame because there is no more confidence that liberation will come from the vague promises of a "new order" Britain makes, than from the ingenuous assurances of the Nazi gangsters.

That ablest authority upon the military outlook, Captain H. B. Liddell Hart, has made this perfectly clear. No country

will trust the good intentions of Britain, no counter-offensive in Europe is possible, no definite co-operation with Russia against Air Terrorism, until Britain herself begins with liberation at home. In theory, the Established Church of England is now socialist, and, in theory, Britain has conscripted not only all the man-power but all the wealth of the community. But has she done this for good or only until some ambiguous peace is made? No doubting European will ever take any of this stuff seriously until there is a plain repudiation of all that my *bête noire*, Lord Halifax, stands for, and a convincing permanent beginning of a new democratic socialist order in Britain. Until that is done, any British counter-attack on Nazidom, on the continent of Europe, is inevitably doomed to disaster.

XVIII

WAR AND WORLD LAW

I HAVE WRITTEN THAT this war is a war to establish law throughout the world, and since, through the abolition of distance and the release of energy, this world must needs realise itself now as one community, it is imperative to reconstitute human relations on a common basis of universal rights. These I find adequately stated for me in the Declaration of Rights drawn up by the Sankey Committee. That for me is the fundamental law of the world now, and I consider every law and custom in the world that runs counter to it, an insufficiency, a confusion, an illegality which that Declaration necessarily overrides.

But war is a suspension of law. The idea that there could be laws of war so that military operations could be suspended whenever some unspecified referee blew his whistle, was never more than the quaint assumption of a humourless past. War is an all-in conflict or it is not war but a public game—like a gladiatorial show. War occurs when there is a conflict of interests for which the law does not provide any method of settlement, or because some body of men is in revolt against the law. In the past, when there was no world law and the world was a patchwork of sovereign states, there were different law systems in different states, a man could live quite lawfully in one state in a manner entirely illegal in another, and, so far as any other state went, he was potentially, if not actually, at war. The whole of recorded history is a history of the expansion of states as the means of communication increased, so that there has been a continual extension of law systems. In the past third of a century, this expansion has reached its climax, so that the double aspect of life, home and foreign, has at last disappeared. All war is now civil war. The sluggish general intelligence has still to grasp the fact. World unity under a common law is now the only alternative to chaos.

Let us now consider the legal aspects of behaviour which has been contrary to the fundamental laws of a state in the past, and how they are affected by this expansion to a world state based on the Declaration of the Rights of Man. A single man or a group of men who simply defy the law are criminals. They may develop into a merely gangster terrorism—as the Nazi group has developed in Germany and the other Totalitarian states—but that gives them no legal standing. If, however, there are people who dissent from the existing law and wish to change it, then, so long as liberty of discussion and free parliamentary action is lawful, they have no right whatever to forcible activity. It is only when the government resorts to illegality in suppressing opposition that physical resistance is reasonable. The opposition is then justified in rebellion and revolution, which is no longer an attack on law but an effort to restore or amend law upon a new basis.

Directly either Civil War or Foreign War ensues, the law goes into a state of suspense. The candid life becomes impossible. Secrecy, that fundamental sin against all ease of living, secrecy and surprise are inevitable. Espionage and the deception and betrayal of the enemy, are among the primary duties of a soldier. A legacy of deliberate social corruption remains after every war, and will remain until rational world federation has put an end to war for ever. Yet gangsters and incurable patriots must be fought and defeated. How are we rational human beings to deal with this paradox?

I can imagine only one solution that will satisfy the legal mind. By the light of a World Declaration of Rights it is bound to condemn every act of war that is committed in this war to end war, and then, saving perhaps certain indubitable gangsters, it must resort to a general amnesty. "Neither do I condemn thee," it will say; "depart in peace and sin no more." But all warfare is not lawless subterfuge, and for the courage, endurance, self-forgetfulness and generous indignation this great struggle has evoked from millions of ordinary straightforward human beings, the law requires no amnesty. World peace will not simply end this war, it will rise out of this war to a broader law and a nobler way of living.

XIX

THE FINAL ONSLAUGHT

THERE IS GENERAL agreement among British and American authorities (January 1941) that a violent attack on Britain is to be expected within three months. South, East and West, the net is closing upon Nazidom. According to the century-old habits of Germany, there will be a last horrific effort to arrest disaster. The British people cannot afford to relax for a single moment, cannot afford to tolerate the slightest incompetence or slothfulness at any point, until that rush comes and is smashed. There may be secondary feints in the Mediterranean and even in the Balkans, there may be a German influx into Italy, though I doubt whether such things will distract the awakened pugnacity of the British as much as they will dissipate German energy. After a culminating flurry, the complete collapse will come, I believe, far sooner than our experts reckon. After the failure of its great offensive of spring 1918, there wasn't an ounce of stuffing left in the German bogey. This time the final flop will be swifter.

The German rank and file, whenever it has been put to the test, has shown itself far inferior to the highly equipped, trained, orderly Hohenzollern armies. The morale both of the regular army officers and of the home administration, dominated as it is by gangs of irresponsible young blackguards and led by a crazy sexual pervert, has been undermined. The New German, Nazi pattern, is a looter terrorist, and, with men of that quality, as its prestige disappears, the Nazi gang will be equally unable to maintain order at home or sustain a defensive war. Finally its technical services have been crippled by race persecution. So I reckon first upon a short supreme struggle, a sort of maniac assault—and beware of it—and then a Europe from which Nazis will be evaporating. Before the year ends, all Europe may be looking vindictively for well-authenticated Blackshirts and

Nazis. Britain will have to stand a dwindling nuisance of air raids, because they are difficult to stop altogether, and then we shall all have to set ourselves to the reorganisation of the world.

Are we prepared for that? Not a bit. The common British, in spite of incompetent generals, unimaginative strategists and treasonable allies, are saving and will save the world, yet still in their Government and Foreign Office they suffer from a top-hamper of dullards who bid fair to frustrate every great possibility in their situation. There comes no plain statement of the British war aims, either to those stout people at home or to the world at large. Russia and the popular movements everywhere, distrust these ambiguous British Tories profoundly. Win the war, these gentry have proclaimed, and *we* will reap the harvest.

That harvest, if they stick in office, will be a chaos of secondary warfare. As likely as not, in 1942 perplexed British soldiers will find themselves in France or Germany or Italy or Spain helping some Phalangist or Vichy or Quisling régime to suppress the social revolution. We have no assurance against this until Britain puts these people aside.

XX

INERTIA

THE CONDITIONS OF human life have changed more in the past thirty years than they have in the preceding four thousand. Recurrent increasing air terrorism, a headlong wastage of human resources and human hope, is the manifest outlook before mankind unless we contrive an immediate world federal control of the air, leading on to world federal conservation of the wasting possibilities of the earth and human energy. This is the plain reality of the human situation, if only you look straightly and simply at it. There is no other way of escape. If we fail to take it, we are living in the final collapse of mankind.

The problem is to make a sufficient number of people look straightly and simply at reality before it is too late. The horror of the situation is the complete indifference not merely of everyday people but of leading and responsible people to these stark facts. Those who have vision realise as one realised before, this inability to think outside their habitual routines. We are more like animals than we had imagined. With the skies raining fire, the ground exploding beneath their feet, their money gone crazy and their whole social fabric visibly dissolving, our authorities continue upon their traditional lines as regardless of the stupendous realities about them as a hutchful of breeding, munching rabbits in a sacked, abandoned city. If presently the hutch is smashed, they will simply bolt a bit and then at any momentary relaxation of the uproar go on munching and breeding in the dear old fashion. Their diplomacies, their power politics, their money, their ownership and class distinctions, their elaborate dodges for getting the better of one another—become farcically unreal. They see photographs of a hundred shattered cities, they read of such intensity of conflict as mankind has never known before, of cunning cruelty spreading like a disease, and of the heroism and

endurance of simple, common folk, and they can take it as something that will pass, and then the gentry will come back and Parliament will reassemble in the old style and the conferences will meet (such fun again!) and something like the eighteenth century or maybe something like the fourteenth will be reinstated. With a new Rolls Royce or so, faithful, respectful henchmen wearing V.C.s and G.C.s, and a hangar in the park.

So far, except for a few fine phrases by President Roosevelt, and drifting allusions to a completely unspecified new world, little has been done to rally the human spirit to any manful fight against catastrophe. Churchill is a magnificent fighting leader, but his mind, saturated with rhetorical history, is essentially uncreative. Mr Greenwood, of the Labour Party, Minister without portfolio or staff, is said to be planning our future, but he maintains an uninspiring silence. Major Attlee, its official leader, talks of the old Parliamentary Parties coming back unchanged to their customary antagonisms. Maybe we shall prefer a new Opposition without a salaried leader. Ernest Bevin, the Big Voice of Labour, talks socialism plainly and clearly to a Rotary Club gathering, but seems unaware of the gigantic problem of Air Terrorism or the urgent necessity of extending democratic rights to all mankind. Without these things there can be no peace, and without peace there can be no social security. Lacking that, we drift to a new Versailles and the secondary wars of the Frightful Forties.

The threefold charter of mankind—World Air Federation, World Conservation and Law based on a World Declaration of Rights—is treated as an impracticable dream, and we drift past the day of opportunity, fighting lustily, but drifting.

XXI

POLAND?

THE CRAZY TORY mentality which betrayed Spain, Abyssinia, Czechoslovakia and the Baltic provinces, through its dread of a Socialist New World, finally blundered into this war by way of Poland. It guaranteed Poland, a guarantee that it was totally incapable of implementing, and so—with all civilisation going to pieces under the Air Terror—Poland still remains a profound perplexity in the foolish and antiquated game of power politics, to which our elder Tories cling. It is impossible to end this ever-spreading Air Terror without the co-operation of Russia. A federal world air control alone can arrest the destruction and menace Mr Chamberlain released, and, by all the rules of our out-of-date power politics, the Polish veto stops the way. Poland remains at war with Russia.

The Poles are a melodramatic nation. Some of them sit now over atlases planning new boundaries for a Poland restored to its "ancient grandeur". They are to take the Ukraine. They are to have Kiev. Why does our Foreign Office encourage this puerile foolery?

The Poles are a gallant and romantic people. They produce brilliant fighters, picturesque writers, inventors, "genius" in every field except statescraft, intense, irresponsible patriotism and an intricacy of thought and conduct that makes for political disorganisation.

Like the Catholic Irish, they have been so educated as a people as to be proud of their ineradicable hates. There is no such hatred as the hatred and cruelty which organised Christianity fosters. And in Poland, a bitter hatred of Russia plays the rôle of the Curse of Cromwell in keeping the national idea inimical to humanity at large.

There are argumentative Poles who want to put me right about Poland. Poland was a Totalitarian State up to 1938,

allied to the Nazis; she shared in the looting of Czechoslovakia; she held Russian and Lithuanian territory far beyond her national boundaries. All this they want to explain. But I do not want to argue with them any more than I want to argue with Irishmen about the many sweet and noble reasons there are for extending to Ulster the banning of books, Dublin morality, and the frankest co-operation in the Nazi blockade of Britain. I do not want to argue because these issues are beside the mark. The urgent need for a federal world air control to end Air Terrorism overrides all these minor considerations. Absolutely. The Federal Government of the United States is no bar to the intense hatred of the Yankee which animates such a book as *Gone with the Wind*. In the United States, people may and do hate with the utmost freedom and virulence. They can frame up strikers in California and suppress Evolution in Tennessee. Nevertheless, the Federal Government maintains an overriding peace and security from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The nationalist dreamers of Poland and Ireland have at least to accommodate themselves to this. So far as the air goes, Poland and Ireland must be prepared to take their places beside England, Bavaria, Texas, New York, Australia, as states in a World Air Union, or in quite a little while there will be nothing of them left—even to hate.

Yet Poland is not all sentimental patriotic. General Sikorski's recent exchanges with President Benes contain the promise of something far broader, wiser and more generous. These two statesmen are able to contemplate an Eastern European Federation. I doubt if in the long run either of them will want to stop at that if Britain, America and Russia lead the way to World Air Federation.

XXII

MAP DREAMS

THERE IS AN absurd confusion in people's minds about War Aims. Two entirely different sets of ideas are in conflict. At the beginning of the war there was a demand for a plain statement of the fundamental objectives of democratic government. A Declaration of Human Rights throughout the earth was demanded, and, after a world-wide discussion, such a Declaration was drawn up by what is best known as the Sankey Committee. The repeated demands for the war aims of the alleged democracies, is a demand for the unqualified acceptance of that Declaration as the Fundamental Law of a renascent world. That is War Aims demand No. 1.

But, as if to justify Goebbels' ingenious phrase of the "pluto-democracies", none of the combatant or friendly governments or parties who are more or less on the side of Britain, Greece and Free France, have adopted this Declaration. In spite of the immense publicity this Declaration has received, it is ignored; either wilfully, perversely and viciously, or because the people who ignore it are too stupid to understand its significance. *Their* conception of War Aims is something absolutely different. War Aims No. 2 is a fantastic re-drawing of the map of the world. It simply rearranges the world for fresh conflicts upon the ancient lines. Brave little Ruritania is to be given the Thimgamy Valley and Poloshia is to get the oil-fields of Boloshia and so on and so on, and then we are to begin all over again. It is high time all this map drawing was cleared out of people's minds. It opens the door wide for an unending series of secondary wars after the crisis of the main conflict has passed. It flies in the face of every stern gigantic reality that now confronts mankind.

One of the most astounding things about this present phase of human disorder is the unteachableness of statesmen and politicians the whole world over. Political and directive power is to a large extent in the hands of men who have grown old

at their task, who by the dogmatisms of their upbringing or their preoccupation with the technique of public life, have long ceased to read or think about the fundamental forces outside their restricted sphere that have turned their traditions into disastrous absurdities.

This age of tragic old men with coagulated minds, from Clemenceau, Hindenburg and Wilson to Pétain, Weygand and the Vichy elements in Allied Foreign Policy, men unable to imagine any policy but the policy of putting things back again, makes a bitter chapter in human history. Under the shadow of their rule and under the sway of a reactionary proprietary press, the perplexed multitudes of the young are unable to gain a clear vision of the world crisis in which they live.

Certain facts blaze so vividly before the open mind at the present time, that it is hard to realise how little they signify not only to our purblind rulers but also to the blinkered masses under their sway. Ideas of War Aims of the second type are possible only to minds impervious to the urgencies that produce that demand for War Aims No. 1. You say to these people that the material conditions of human life have been entirely reversed in the past half-century; you say that distance has been abolished, events made simultaneous throughout the earth, an age of want replaced by an age of excess, and that it is impossible for men to go on living in separate sovereign states under these new conditions. Man must readjust his life and that speedily—or perish. You mass your irrefutable evidence; you repeat, you emphasise. The gaga face remains blank.

Then after a pause, with an air of superior wisdom it says, "When you interrupted us with these absurd theories, we were discussing how Germany is to be completely disarmed, a very difficult problem, and whether it would be advisable to give all or only part of the Boloshian oil-fields to Poloshia. Now if you were to draw a line across Germany *so*, to separate Lutheran from Catholic Germany, and give Jugoslavia a strategic frontier *here*. . . . You keep up this clamour for War Aims. It ought to be suppressed. It inconveniences us. If you had the profound experience *we* have of human affairs, you would understand that at the present time it is highly undesirable for anyone to know anything definite about the various contradictory pledges, assur-

ances and undertakings to which we are committing ourselves and each other—and our children and our children's children. . . .”

This is no caricature. Let us entertain no illusions. This incapacity to recognise essential change and this attempt to return to outworn dead methods, is the *prevailing* drift in men's minds at the present time. It is not ludicrous only because it involves the direct consequences for all our kind.

So that it becomes necessary to repeat again and again and yet again, not to these dreary horrible old men (who anyhow cannot last much longer) but to the vast masses of young people whose minds they have darkened, but who may yet be awakened, the fundamentals of the present human situation. The abolition of distance, the steady improvement in explosives, the possibilities of rapidly and secretly accumulating material for the maddest air warfare and blitzkrieg, have made a federal world control of the air and interstate transport and transport supplies an imperative urgent necessity, if any free-spirited civilisation is to endure upon earth. There is no other alternative. Do these words mean nothing to the reader?

We must go so far at least towards world unity. So far and just a little farther. Beneath the overriding protection of such a federal control, which could be achieved quite easily—were it not for the entrenched stupidity of tradition—as an outcome of this war, given only the frank co-operation of the English-speaking communities and Russia; beneath that overriding security of such a control, every state and country and community in the world would be safe to preserve its own distinctive life and character—on one other condition. It must also consent to abandon economic warfare against the rest of mankind, and adjust itself to a system of reasonably free exchange. In good business neither gets the best of the bargain; both benefit. There, plain and open before mankind, lies the road to a new world order with a permanence, peace and abundance beyond all precedent in history.

I write all this with the case of Poland in my mind. Poland is the crucial field for this conflict, between the antiquated and the new. The history of Poland since the emancipation of the serfs in 1864, has been a history of continual distressful fluctuations. There was a relatively small, romantic, proud and patriotic upper class with a slightly exaggerated tradition of past glories. They were bitterly hostile to Russia, and the Czar made himself the

champion of the emancipated serfs against them. Russia broke up the great Polish estates and did something towards creating a consciousness of human rights in these liberated lower-class Poles. But it was the upper-class Pole, articulate and brilliant, and not the general mass of the Polish nation, who created the heroic tradition of Poland, downtrodden but invincible, throughout the world. He had as little respect for his impoverished and under-educated peasants as the German junker, to whose estates they went for the harvesting every year by hundreds of thousands. In that not very remote period, aristocracy prevailed over nationalism.

There we have the key to the mystery why the common Poles are regarded and always have been regarded by the Germans as born beasts of burden, why they are now carried off in droves to slavery, why they are beaten and outraged and murdered, while at the same time the gallant gentlefolk of Poland who have fluctuated through a variety of semi-Fascist regimes, assisted as the proud and happy allies of Germany in the partition of Czechoslovakia and annexed Vilna, and who have only been kicked so to speak into their present alliance with the Western Democracies, by the crazy onslaught of Hitler, indulge now in the most fantastic dreams of a Polish Empire arising out of the ruins of Europe.

These truths have to be borne in mind in discussing this problem of the Polish outlook. At the present moment Poland is at war with Russia, although Russia is indispensable for a sane settlement of world affairs. Their Government, because it is living mentally in a vanished past, has never made the slightest gesture towards a Russian understanding, and, what is more astounding, our venerable and mulish British Foreign Office has made no overt attempt to put an end to this ambiguous and dangerous state of affairs. And meanwhile these Poles play with the Atlas and decide whether they will annex Latvia as well as Lithuania to straighten up their Baltic coast, and push their boundary down through the Ukraine and on to an outlet upon the Black Sea. It is like playing charades on a ship they refuse to believe in.

They are not the only aggressive patriots among our allies, quasi-allies, friendly and ambiguous neutrals, who dream of a magical diplomatic restoration and expansion of their national magnificence. But they are the most cynical, and they are evidently going to be the central thorn in the problem.

Fw

Ac. No.

889

of Eastern Europe. And yet it is nothing more than a blank disregard of present possibilities that can account for their attitude. The role of Poland in the making of a civilised world is plain. It is the only way for her, as for the rest of the world. It is to accept with the rest of the world the need to relinquish as much of national sovereignty as a federal air and transport system, a federal conservation of world resources and a fundamental world law necessitate. Only in that fashion can she survive as Texas and Arizona and Florida and New York State survive, herself and yet united to all mankind. So ethnological Poland, the Poland of the Polish peasant and worker, can be saved also before it has been altogether sterilised, castrated and destroyed under the Nazi heel. There is little time to save that essential Poland now. It is suffering indescribable indignities. Yet in a federal world it could live and flourish on its native soil and be linked with Poland *in partibus* throughout the world. It could renew its essential vitality within its national community, and to judge by what Poland has already given human art and thought it would become a fount of active, imaginative, subtle and fine-spirited intelligences. But as for conquering Poles! The world has done with conquerors.

And in a reasonable federated world, with practical free trade, with a common standard of liberty, what use remains for hard and fast boundaries? The abolition of distance has abolished them. Men may talk, think, write Polish, and cherish all their national peculiarities, as freely in Chicago as in Warsaw.

So far in this world crisis no outstanding Polish spokesman has yet appeared to express in Polish the obvious necessity for a liberal reconstruction of human affairs. Polish romanticism is being enormously flattered on both sides of the Atlantic. But what is the good of flattering it in the face of the stern imperatives that confront us all? We want a realistic Poland. Sikorski has gone as far as collaboration with Czechoslovakia, but I am told that he is still capable of map-dreaming. Here again we turn from Polish traditionalism to the awakening revolutionary young.

XXIII

THE HARSH SIDE OF AMERICA

IT IS THE merest chance that I was not born an American citizen; my father and my schoolmaster were both good radicals, and America has always been to me, and still is, the Land of Hope and Glory—with such reservations as are inevitable to a ripening mind.

Recently (September to December 1940) I have made a tour of America under interesting conditions. I saw the election in all its bitterness, and I flew over twenty-four thousand miles to lecture and hold discussions with diversified audiences from Alabama to Dallas, Denver, Arizona, Texas, Los Angeles and San Francisco, and from Florida to Connecticut and New York. I was entertained by all sorts of people in all sorts of homes, and I came home by clipper, the Yankee Clipper, to Bermuda, and then by an American Export Liner, which was like no other part of America I had ever set foot upon, to Lisbon. It was George Steevens of Ladysmith who said that you can see more of a country in three months than you can see in five years. In the first onrush you see the land in broad outline with all its primary features clear and bright; then it begins to swallow you up in details and secondary issues. I have been visiting bits of America off and on for more than a third of a century, but never have I seen it before so plainly as a whole, than I did during those eventful months.

And seeing it in that way, when it was so excited by the war and the election that often it was completely off its guard, I began to realise certain rather alarming aspects of the general make-up of America, that I had, I perceived, taken for granted and thought no more about since I recorded my first impressions in *The Future in America* in 1906. The most striking is a hard directness of action that eliminates all secondary considerations. The disposition is to play games simply to win, to take no risks

for the sake of some fancied "spirit of the game", to do whatever can be brought within the rules. The American national game, poker, is a game of hard-faced deception and its end is a pile of chips. He does not really "play" at bridge; he has submerged the game under a system of informative signals. In a fight your typical American does not simply hit as hard as may be necessary; he hits as hard as he can. In business he is playing a game to win; it is not an affair of give and take with him and he has little technical pride. The man who "makes good" is not the manufacturer who produces the finest article, but the salesman who accumulates the biggest pile. Otherwise he's as good a fellow as any good fellow, impulsively generous and kind, with only a faint flavour of exhibitionism, until things take on the flavour of a contest. And then from the Atlantic to the Pacific and all over, he becomes competitive and ruthless.

The Presidential Election amazed me by its out-and-out baseness. I can use no other word. The attacks on the domestic life of the President, the scandalous bargains between labour leaders like Lewis and strike-breakers like Willkie, the reckless disregard of the Republicans for the possible repercussion of a rejection of Roosevelt upon the European situation, the deliberate falsifications, day after day, of an almost unanimously anti-Roosevelt press, were abominable. It is all over now for a time. But it is there under the surface, ready to flare out again when the widening social conflict is resumed.

For under the present vigour and abundance of American life a profound social conflict is developing. By the second decade of this century, the chief political parties had become almost as artificial as the greens and blues of Byzantium. President Wilson wrecked the League of Nations on party considerations that had scarcely more social significance than the opposition of Mr Balfour to Mr Asquith in the years before 1914. It was a game, and the European situation was a counter in the game. The Americans played the game with their habitual hardness, but, until the great German monetary collapse started a world-wide financial storm, the Americans still clung to the persuasion that their continent could either interfere or isolate its prosperity whenever it chose. There was a phase of hectic over-speculation and over-consumption in the later twenties, a climax of exaltation,

and then a headlong collapse. Abruptly it was brought home to the United States that they were actually in a parallel phase to the eastern hemisphere, that they too were in a process of social and economic failure, and that the old happy confidence in free competition and "sturdy individualism" would serve them no longer.

This came to Americans with extraordinary swiftness. In 1920, they were sneering at the English workers on the dole and insisting on their proud individual independence; "sturdy individualism" was still the essential and triumphant American notion. By 1933 America was in a storm of financial and industrial collapse, perplexed and dismayed, accepting a frankly socialist President as a saviour and a huge instalment of overdue socialisation under the mitigating title of a New Deal. The New Deal was in effect a revolution. Politics passed at one step from a conflict of party organisations of no fundamental social significance whatever, to an intense social conflict between the all too powerful acquisitive and monopolising forces in the community and the growing recalcitrance of the incoherent multitude of the unsuccessful. Veil after veil has been torn aside in the past eight years. Each of the three elections, 1932, 1936 and 1940, has been more plainly a social conflict. The next will be that and nothing else.

The same conflict bares itself now all over the world, but with varying degrees of starkness or mitigation. In this book, which is deliberately repetitive, I have given reasons already in Chapters XIV, XVII and XVIII—but particularly in XIV—for supposing that Britain's almost instinctive turn for appeasement may soften the conflict at home. If it is moderated in Britain, it may be moderated throughout the world. It is just that disposition for the Middle Way that the United States seems to lack. The old order, which is not so much an order as a conglomeration of mutually tolerant wealth-accumulating "interests", is now deliberately preparing one last savage fight for a come-back. The President holds the country by his foreign policy and by his foreign policy alone. Every constructive project that may contribute towards world socialisation, every insistence upon fair play for the under dog, every educational movement, is being labelled "Red" and "Unamerican", and is being attacked, misrepresented, and

fought unscrupulously, by "business" politicians and a "business" press. We know something of that frantic impulse to resist world reconstruction from the antics of our Tory extremists in the British Empire, but we know they do not even speak for the intelligent and operative elements in their own classes. Toryism in America seems to me to be much more fundamentalist and forthright and to have a far greater solidarity. It calls itself "Business" and it means business. It cannot possibly win, but it may succeed in defeating the reconditioning of human life.

It will fight not only against the expropriated and the dis-inherited but against the stars in their courses, which are offering mankind the alternatives of world reconstruction or hopeless disaster. It will not hesitate to shoot when the time comes. That is its narrow, fierce and vigorous disposition. At present there is still a great light of liberalism shining in America, but it does not shine in bank parlours, business offices and editorial rooms. Everywhere I went I had a sense of blinds that would presently be drawn, doors that would be slammed, key positions seized. The European triangle of (A) wealth and privilege resorting to (B) Fascism because of its blind fear and hatred of (C) socialism, may still develop itself on a harsher, grimmer and more gigantic scale in the western world.

XXIV

"IS BRITAIN GOING RED?"

AND HERE, ARISING out of the forebodings of the preceding chapter, is the place to consider the remarkable comings and goings of this, that and the other representative personality between Europe and America since the Presidential Election of last year (1940). Mostly they come to Britain from America. A certain amount of Tory reassurance has been handed out to the Americans by reactionaries of the type of Lords Lothian and Halifax, and that is all. Few Liberal or Labour leaders have been there. A few irresponsible individuals have lectured in the States, in practically open defiance of the British Foreign Office.

In my own case I went to learn and try over the general view of the situation I am developing in this book. My audiences seemed to find it an acceptable one. I spoke as a revolutionary and not as a British propagandist. Nobody in office when I came home displayed the least curiosity about my experiences and reception across the water. Our Government knew what it wanted to know and did not want any disconcerting facts or ideas thrust upon it.

But it is quite evident that neither the present Government at Washington nor the Opposition that is organising itself to replace it in 1944, is satisfied with what it gets either from the British Government or the organised British press. Lord Halifax takes it upon himself to assure America that Britain is not "going Socialist". Americans question that and I advise them to go on questioning it. Hence this succession of more or less officially accredited American visitors and enquirers. They are not secret enquiry agents; the Americans have no great respect for secret reports; but they are trying not only in Britain but in France, Italy and all over the old world to make contacts with living and operative forces over and above the official governments.

One country alone seems to be relatively neglected in these investigations and exchanges, and that is that very crucial country, the United States of Russia.

Most remarkable and indicative of what is coming in America and of the elements of response and co-operation in this country, is the recent visit of Mr Willkie to England. His coming had a stupendous publicity. As if at a preconcerted signal the defeated candidate for the Presidency dominated the headlines and filled the front page. A visit from the President himself could not have evoked a louder reverberation. One question he asked, and it seems to be the primary question he came over to ask, was, "Is Britain going Red?"

Translating that into terms of American politics, he came to ask whether the British people will sustain not merely the world policy but the policy of social reorganisation of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, or whether the ruling classes and interests of Great Britain can be relied upon to co-operate with their equivalents in America in that "pro-slavery rebellion" which Marx and Engels, in a moment of illumination, prophesied in the eighties of the last century (see Chapter XIV). The forces are lining up now, and if indeed that rebellion, that harsh line-up of reaction against the workers, breaks in America into conflict and killing, it will be the greatest disaster that can happen to human hope. So that I can imagine no other natural answer to Mr. Willkie's question than this; "If Britain does not go Red, as you call it, Heaven help you!"

Because, if Britain goes Red; that is to say if Britain—in spite of the pretensions of Lord Halifax—falls into line with the President in far-reaching and generous social reconstruction; if in time that spirit of compromise that has played so large a part in Britain's past can be reawakened, and the Halifax mask disavowed; then it is possible that the harshness of American reaction may also be tempered. The countries are now so interlocked that they cannot help but swing together. For both or neither it must be sane revolution or a common decadence and disaster.

XXV

WAR OF PROPAGANDAS

THIS PRESENT WAR has revolutionised all our ideas of war on land, at sea, in the air. We have seen the "military science" of the French school, which has dominated men's imaginations since Napoleonic times, discredited, blown to atoms by radio, bomber, tank. We have seen an astonishing destruction of morale and material achieved with an actual loss of life that is comparatively slight. As the fantastic German blitzkrieg ebbs towards its manifest defeat, the war becomes more and more plainly not a war of powers and nations and races, but a war of ideas, waged in the minds of men and with the imaginations of men. Propaganda becomes an arm more important than sea power or land power or air power. On the issue of the present propaganda struggle depends the ultimate outcome of this conflict.

Propaganda has become a word of evil associations. In its original sense as used by the Catholic Church, propaganda was an entirely clean and justifiable thing. The *propaganda fidei* was nothing more or less than as plain and attractive a statement of the faith as possible to the unbeliever. It was missionary work without a shadow of falsehood. The Sermon on the Mount and the discourse of St Paul on the Acropolis were pure propaganda in that high original sense. There was no shadow of special pleading upon it. And going outside the range of Catholic ideas, Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* and Darwin's *Origin of Species* were honest propaganda books. That is to say, they offered certain beliefs to the world as simply and clearly as possible.

But only a certain purity of faith and conviction and a profuse respect for one's fellow creatures can keep propaganda at that level. Directly the work falls into the hands of vulgarer and overzealous advocates they begin to taint the truth they imagine they serve. They play tricks with their creed. They misstate it

too plainly irreconcilable. Two great propaganda systems that work crossways to the real issue at stake, are the new Vatican Party and the Communist Party. Neither of them takes any cognisance of the supreme and urgent necessity that mankind should grip the air danger and make an end to war for ever. Neither of them apprehends that war has become a novel and monstrous thing through modern inventions. These propagandas have their origin in the past. They were organised before these new urgencies arrived and they fail to recognise the new conditions. The Communist Party has hardly entertained a fresh idea for a hundred years. In less than eight years' time the *Communist Manifesto* will celebrate its centenary, and it is still the Credo of the movement. In many matters Communist and Vatican may be worlds apart, but so far as stern unbending inadaptable orthodoxy goes, they are left and right of the same pair of gloves.

The Nazi artists in propaganda play upon the rigid detachment from present reality of these bodies to split the world federation propaganda that alone can bring peace to the world. The Catholic is persuaded that in no case must he cooperate with any human beings who are not "Christian"; he sets his face against Islam, India, China, Russia and the Protestant tradition—and so in effect he displays a benevolent neutrality towards Hitlerism, which has none of this orthodox fastidiousness. The Communist falls to Goebbels' ingenious phrase of the "pluto-democracies". He keeps up a clamour of denunciation against that British "imperialism" which vanished from the earth with the Statute of Westminster. This present war is no more a war of "imperialisms" than it is a fight between dinosaurs.

Going about the United States with a lecture carefully planned to sample the reaction of various types of people and particularly of student bodies, to the world federal idea, I have been finding all sorts of cross-currents of suggestion at work, some of them naïve but many of them operating, I should think, with the direct or indirect support of the Nazi authorities. At Tuscaloosa University in Alabama there is a teacher of history, all too influential among the students, who specialises in guarding their innocent minds against "propaganda" of any sort. I, a republican radical socialist of the deepest red type, so that my continued audibility throws such Tories as Lord Winterton and Mr Alfred

Noyes into fits of frantic insult, I who am boycotted by the English Speaking Union, I who want to see the sovereignty of my country dissolved into the United States of the World, find myself tarred with the same brush as Mr Duff Cooper, as a "pro-British propagandist". Any Briton who goes to Tuscaloosa, no matter what he thinks or says or does, will be barked away by this jealous guardian of American mental vacuity. When I faced my audience, I found the galleries that should have been packed with a curious and controversial student body just as they had been at my other university stands, largely empty. Young Tuscaloosa had stopped its ears. The students aren't there to listen and weigh and learn. What they are there for Heaven only knows. The British are wrong; any sort of British, anyhow.

In one or two other places I found the same obscurantism. When I told the editor of a students' newspaper that it was the business of the young to insist upon direct knowledge, to see that such documents as *Mein Kampf*, the works of Lenin, the *Communist Manifesto*, *The British Case* by Lord Halifax, are available in their college libraries and to stand no nonsense from "teachers" of history and economics who inserted their second-rate selves between the young and reality, he was plainly shocked beyond measure.

"You want me to read *Mein Kampf*!" he said. "You're a pro-Nazi!"

"How can you understand the quality of Hitler?" said I, "unless you do?"

This simple negative propaganda of mental resistance, the propaganda of the firmly shut mind, is not confined to university students. It spreads widely through the American world. "We do not want to hear these strange ideas," they say. "The American Way of Life is good enough for me." And when you ask what that way of life is, they quote you the Gettysburg oration, and if you ask any more questions after that, they lose their tempers.

Against the background of these great propagandas play other less competent systems. There are Frenchmen trying to rebuild the French liberal idea and other Frenchmen doing their best to weld the treason of Vichy into a coherent exculpatory story. China pleads its case with a patient persistence. Most of the

national propagandas are organised to plead for a restoration of national sovereignties that have surely now been obliterated for ever. Brave little this tootles its grievances and threats at brave little that. The British propaganda is incoherent and ridiculous. It is planless because there are still no declared British war aims. In the war of 1914-1918 there was something like a declaration of war aims so far as the propaganda department of Crewe House was concerned, but that memorandum never received the approval of the Foreign Office, and the promises of Crewe House were ultimately double-crossed by the secret entanglements of the Foreign Office.

At the present time there is the same uncertainty about the declared motives and objectives of the struggle. Almost any old stuff may claim to be British propaganda. Many of the less democratic elements in the British social system seem to want to trade on the genuine admiration of the Americans for the pluck and successes of the R.A.F. and the British common people, to preserve their time-honoured advantages. No sort of British are more ready to accept American praise for the courage and endurance of the people they have left behind, than the refugees. The British propaganda I explored at the New York World's Fair was fantastically unreal. The chief articles that were being sold there to young Americans were coloured photographs of the King and Queen in their coronation robes. Young America bought them because they were bright and pretty. Nothing could better impress upon young America the sense of a profound difference than this. Just when we are trying to get the idea of Federal Union working. As a matter of fact the King and Queen are being as loyal, brave and helpful to Britain as most other English people, they are in fact behaving excellently, and to figure them as robed dummies does no good to them or anyone. It would be almost as effective to sell young America coloured photographs of Herr Goering in all his wonderful uniforms and medals. But the Nazi propagandists are too clever to do that.

Apart from the World's Fair display of courtly gentility British propaganda in America is just go-as-you-please, because Britain, like America, is still an indigestion of purpose. We don't want National Socialism. But you cannot fight for a mere negative. Mr Duff Cooper has talked of the renewed Holy

Roman Empire, Mr Alfred Noyes has denounced me, read various of his poems aloud and been moved to tears. Mr Somerset Maugham and Mr Noel Coward have, I understand, seen the President, and Lord Lothian has made various statements of uncertain authority. Mr Winston Churchill has now repeated his grave heroic warning speech four times to the world. The Americans have liked it so far, but I think with diminishing effect. The most popular stuff in the American magazines is success stories, and with a great democracy nothing succeeds like success. The Nazis still sustain a glamorous propaganda of victory even now when they are making their final rush.

In half a dozen newspapers I found a marvellous serial running, a history of the American Navy, beginning with the exploits of Paul Jones. The whole design of the history was to show that the American Navy has always been "sacrificed" to the British. At the Naval Conference for example (1923), the American Navy had been cut down to parity with the British, "at the behest of the British". There was no sign of any counter-propaganda to check this attempt by the boldest falsehood and misrepresentation, to sow ill will between the two services.

I suppose the most powerful propaganda of liberal conceptions of a new world is the Presidential utterances from Washington. The President has talked plainly already about an end not only to dictators, but to emperors and obscurantisms. He can be heard even more plainly than President Wilson was heard in 1917-18. The earlier war succumbed to the promises of the Fourteen Points. It may be true that President Roosevelt is first and foremost a skilful politician. But nobody denies his quick response to any constructive thought about him. That is why the development of a vigorous mental process out of the seething bowl of propaganda which is America to-day, is a matter of the utmost importance to the whole of mankind. There we have free speech still, endless opportunities of discussion, limitless means for putting over such an idea as world air federation to all the planet.

What the English-speaking world says to-day, the whole world will be trying to-morrow. It is high time we got it plain and clear.

XXVI

THE BRITISH COUNTRYSIDE IN 1951

NAZIDOM HAS LOST the war. Let us indulge in hope and assume that in the next two years human common sense has triumphed and that liberal democracy, originated by the English and French-speaking peoples, has won the hegemony of the earth. Air Terrorism will have been ended in the only possible way, by a world federal control of the air. The American idea of Conservation, the tradition of the International Institute of Agriculture, various Chatham House surveys (of Africa for example) and the like, will have converged into a systematic exploitation of the limitless wealth of our planet, for humanity and by humanity—even the oil interests will have come under control—and the Declaration of Rights will have given the globe one fundamental law from pole to pole. All these things are attainable, if only English-speaking people rub their eyes and sit up. There is no alternative to them but chaos. Let us assume a victory for sanity. What sort of Britain shall we have in 1951? What sort of "old country" will an American tourist see?

The countryside will be as green as ever, greener, because in a world of free trade no longer in fear of war, there will be no reason for ploughing up all the land. Large areas will have reverted to pasture. Heath and common will have become lung and playground again. The fields will be larger than in the old days of horse agriculture, but an American would hardly observe that; fewer hedges because of the throwing together of fields, greater trimness in the woods and signs of reafforestation. The church spire, the inn sign and the country house will still dominate the scene. But the village will have grown considerably, and a big, highly equipped schoolhouse, with public library, museum, theatre and social club, will have introduced new features on the village green, and new elements into the population. Many of the children will be town-born children

withdrawn from the more congested industrial and business centres to the refreshment of country life. The housing of these children will be more of an open air camp than an old-fashioned boarding-school, and the designing of their accommodation will be one of the tasks that will make architecture the most enviable of professions in the world ahead.

The church and meeting houses will be better attended, because they will be more interesting. The Malvern Conference has made the Established Church of England definitely socialist, and week by week the spiritual basis of economic equalitarianism will no doubt be expounded from the pulpit. The village public house, released from a hundred petty restrictions, will develop its own disciplines. Subject to the traditional restraint upon bad language, the bar will remain a place for free discussion. The warm and friendly bar parlour has always been disposed to keep a critical eye on "parson". These old antagonisms will live so long as Britain remains Britain.

The "stately homes of England" will still dominate the scene. They ceased to be homes long ago. They played a considerable rôle in political life for a time as the assembly places of week-end parties. But it needed a great army of servants to keep them habitable. Their sanitation was archaic. The impoverishment of the first World War and rising wages closed their career. Many changed hands and suffered inconsiderate modernisation. Others are "kept up" desperately until recurrent death duties shut them down. Some became country clubs and hotels. Yet many are architecturally magnificent; they possess gracious reception rooms, they abound in fine decoration, admirable furniture, tapestries, works of art and historical associations, they are beautifully situated, they have lovely gardens and parks about them; and there they are. In most cases unobtrusive modernisation is quite possible. Here can be packed away many of the fresh social elements that will be flowing into the new countryside. The parks and gardens will be public; the socialised country house, released from a transitory shabbiness, will still look out with placid windows upon a familiar British landscape.

XXVII

UPROOTED PEOPLES

I HAVE POINTED OUT how, under an entirely new state of affairs, Britain, in a federal world, completely socialist and sharing a common freedom with all mankind, may still preserve the outward pattern of "Old England" so far as the countryside is concerned. Church, inn, country house, park, will be there. In most of the countries where there was a settled estate system, in New England, for example, and many parts of France and Western Europe, there may be the same continuity of pattern. But beyond the limits where established patterns have struck root, the transient element and transport are likely to be much more dominant. In the last quarter of 1940 I visited most of America by air, and everywhere except in old New England I noted a rapid increase of nomadism. People wander, uprooted, in cars and well-equipped trailers. They do not camp in the wilderness, because everywhere there are caravanserais where they can stay for a night or a week or month, equipped with light, heat, water, eating-places. They may find work and settle for a time. The trailer allows living in the open air when the sun shines, or it can be made snug as a yacht. The fixed home in which generation follows generation is becoming a romantic tradition.

Given rein, this nomadism will evoke its own facilities and develop its traditions of apparatus, architecture and behaviour. Man has never been an entirely settled animal. A few thousand years of agricultural toil have not cured him of a wandering disposition. Very soon now most people will be going about seeking the associates, climate and occupation that suit them best, sowing, reaping, moving on and returning, cattle driving, working a profitable spell in a metallurgical district, going to great art centres or libraries or conferences. In a federated world, political forms will cease to be territorial, will be subordinated

to world unionism and professionalism. Many readers will disdain this as fantasy. It is happening now under their unseeing eyes.

This is full of suggestion when we turn our minds to the evacuated and dispossessed populations of Europe and China. I have heard no hopeful proposals for this problem. Millions of Poles have been unrooted and enslaved. A million French prisoners are working in Germany. Deported and homeless people are everywhere. Is peace to mean nothing to them? Send them back to their homes? Their homes are destroyed or in the hands of strangers. Nevertheless, in spite of the earnest attentions of the R.A.F., there are still factories in Germany, and a people who can give up butter for guns may well be asked to make cars and trailers for rations. Hitler promised Germany universal cheap cars. The plant is standing ready. Shall we nomadise these various dispossessed peoples and send them in tribes and hosts east and west to fell forests, to mine and sow and reap as they go? They have the prior claim on our consideration. This is the only prospect I can see compatible with righteousness. Do you know a better one?

In all this, I am assuming the victory of civilisation. That means the socialisation of the means of air transport under a world federal government, and that again means that the oil interests that play so sinister a rôle in international affairs will be under federal control. That will be the effective central check on these migrations. They can be arrested, stimulated, directed, as gas is rationed for them.

XXVIII

THE FUTURE OF CITIES

IN TWO PRECEDING papers I have tried to imagine the face of the world in 1951, if civilisation wins the war. That means victory over the disintegrating forces that threaten the human future. "Civilisation is transport," said Kipling, and I have dared to hope that the common sense of our threefold need, World Air Control, World Conservation and a World Fundamental Law, will prevail. I have given you my picture of the countryside of the world in a state of controlled nomadism. I left the great towns and cities of our time out of that picture. They also will be in existence—most with traces of air bombardment—in 1951. It is interesting to speculate what will be happening to them.

Before we can do that we have to ask, what are these huge aggregations of men and masonry? What brought them about? The old world city grew out of the village or township of some ascendant tribe, situated at some advantageous point upon river or sea. There was the palace and its guards, the cathedral or temple of the dominant God, a market, craftsmen, a pullulation of dependent people, accommodation for strangers. It was commonly surrounded by fortifications, and limited in size, because the only means of getting to work or business was afoot. Safety and business combined to huddle it. Only in the past century or so, have the carriage, the omnibus and tram diminished this centripetal force. Congested streets and slums were the inevitable associates of palace and temple. The city was less healthy and safe than the country. Up to the end of the nineteenth century, even in New York and London there were back streets down which it was unsafe to go, and this has been true of all these great wens of population always. Only with increasing facilities for getting about has modern suburbanism developed and great central parks and avenues let air, light and discipline into the fester. Cities spread wider and wider. With the growth of wealth, however, there was also a

central concentration of business offices, shopping centre, theatres and show places. Former homes were adapted to accommodate people who came to town now and then, or they were pulled down to give way to hotels and flats for transients. Palace, court life, cathedral, remained as the formal centres of the old world city, but in America, as Henry James noted in his *America Revisited*, they never emerged. The central feature of many American cities is a great block of offices or a towering University building. White House and Capitol dominate Washington, but Wall Street planes thither. Our problem is what will be happening by 1951 to these cities.

There are really only two possibilities to consider. The first is if this present warfare ends in a federated world. The second is if humanity fails in that. It scarcely matters in the second case whether it is the fumbling traditionalism of the old order or the bad joke of the Nazi New Order, which dominates the world, since the result in either case will be ever-recurrent warfare and a wasting away of civilisation. But if sanity wins, then I take it we shall see the process of slum clearance and city planning, already manifest, resumed with a great access of energy. Architecture will become the master art, as it was in the days of Pericles, and painting and sculpture, after a long exile on easels and in galleries, will return to their proper ancillary places. All good buildings from the past will be cherished and given air and space; the new exploits need not crowd upon them. And these centres, that we shall still call by the name of cities, will be more and more individualised. All this will be well under way by 1951. Given world peace.

That is hoping for the best. But suppose the best does not happen, and that, after a quasi-victory over the Nazis, half-hearted, reactionary-hearted governments fool us into a second Versailles and a cycle of secondary wars, then the outlook for the cities becomes an exceedingly slummy one. They will take a long time to tumble down. In 1951, they will be standing, even if the lifts and central heating are off. Hungry scoundrelism will be prowling these abandoned piles. In Rome in decay, the Colosseum and Hadrian's tomb became the fastnesses of warring bands, and no man's life was safe there. Are we going to let that happen again? Already there are whispers of relaxing discipline and increasing insecurity in many of the battered cities of the old world.

XXIX

THE MONEY PROBLEM

AN INCREASING NUMBER of people contemplate the concluding phases of this struggle with profound and justifiable terror. Enormous debts are being piled up. From the counting-house point of view our civilisation is bankrupt, and when a community is bankrupt it must inflate. This has little terror for the poorer workers, their wages rise to a new subsistence level, but it means social ruin to the possessing classes, who resist inflation, therefore, and return to deflation at the earliest opportunity. This, if we attempt to return to pre-war methods, will make a gigantic and tragic social conflict inevitable.

But I do not think anything of the sort is inevitable, because I believe that this war is leading us towards a new world order, and that under that order money will be altogether simpler than it is at the present time.

The nature of money depends ultimately upon what it can buy. Yet you may read such a book as Mr Geoffrey Crowther's *Outline of Money*, for example, from end to end, and find no realisation of this most elementary fact, that monies are different things according to what they command. Money that can buy a slave or the ground under a man's feet is different in kind, it will follow different laws, than a money which can do nothing of the sort. It is a different implement. Let us consider then what will be buyable in a federally conserved world. Not ownership in men or land, in staple products or in any established public services. All these will be taken out of ownership into the public domain. No speculative operator will intervene and get a rake-off between public authority and individual. But nothing will prevent a man buying clothes, ornaments, instruments, works of art or interest, getting a type of house more elaborate than the standard minimum, supporting shows and entertainments, supporting research work that the public authority

may hesitate to endow, making presents and so forth. But first he will have had to earn his money by giving value by his own abilities and exertions. That will be quite a sufficient incentive to get the work of the world done. So a vast proportion of people live to-day, and so most people would like to live.

The most boring thing to-day in the life of the more successful creative workers is the necessity for investment. It is only a small noxious minority of human beings, too clever by half, who want to play the markets, mess about with the tallies and account-books, squeeze profits out of normal activities by obstructing them, who forestall, corner and blackmail craftsman, cultivator and consumer alike. They will be eliminated from the social scheme, they and their great and suffocating gains and their monopolisation of great estates and of the pleasures, refinements and pride of life. No rational person can believe that this will be anything but a happy release for the natural, well-intentioned, industrious majority.

Obviously a money system in which currency is issued in the form of wages for services rendered to the community, returning ultimately to the issuing authority for services rendered by the community to the individual, will be much simpler than the intricate adjustments of price levels and so forth by governments, necessary in a world of loose bargainers who are trading, so to speak, in the air, without having either source or objective defined for their money. No need to ask then, what is value? What is surplus value? What is a just price? Such questions vanish. Crowther's history of the money we know to-day, begins with the free individual doing a barter trade with another free individual for anything over which he can claim ownership. Money developed to facilitate this barter. Among other things it made minus quantities available for trading and entangled the world in debts. It passed from complication to complication.

All these monetary sages, Keynes, Robertson and so forth, sail into their subject without any preliminary discussion of ownership whatever—whereas ownership and its limitations should be the very essence of their subject. When you ask them to approach money in a properly scientific manner from the standpoint of descriptive sociology, as I have done in *The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind*, they turn their backs and

behave as the pretentious pseudo-experts they are, they gabble technicalities, ignore. Here again I am challenging them, but until they encounter some pert student who pokes the definite point into their faces they will go on pretending they have never heard of it and anyhow that it does not matter. Professor Soddy and Major Douglas are as much in the air as the more orthodox professors. They leave ownership out of the question. They sail away above the solid earth, "neglecting the weight of the elephant". So we suffer and will continue to suffer for some years from a vast useless series of books. . . .

People live too much in compartments. *The Economist* accepts ownership, any old ownership, uncritically, while the Church of England (at Malvern) denounces it without reservation as an offence to Christian living.

Of course there may be many minor kinks and eddies in the broadly simple out-and-home money system of a socialised world. There may be inequalities due to the fact that one man's work may be more desirable than another's. That will enable him to live a relatively ampler life, but it will not enable him in any way to sweat or enslave his fellow-men. A certain acquisitive impulse in many people will still be operating. We are not contemplating a millennium. We are only contemplating a rational readjustment of relationship. Can we prevent anyone with the instinct for salesmanship buying a beautiful work of art to sell it again for more? Not altogether. Yet it is difficult to see why an artist, not driven by hunger, should sell to a speculator. The sponger, the borrower who never returns our things, will still be with us. The collector also. The petty thief. But in the broad security of a socialised world these will be matters for humour rather than legislation. The essential point remains that the money problem is not so much solved as dissolved away in a socialist regime.

XXX

THE DANGER AHEAD

FROM THE BATTLE of Dunkirk onward I have never had any doubt that the Nazi onslaught on civilisation would fail, and fail primarily through the sturdy fighting of the peoples in Britain. I anticipated a supreme frantic effort, according to the German tradition, at the climax, and then collapse. The Germans have been steadily inflated with hope and hate for seven years; they are in a state of extreme internal strain; they will go down, as they did in 1918, like a ripped tyre. But I have never supposed that this collapse would be the end of our troubles. It is what will follow that collapse, that keeps me awake at nights. Our peoples have been roused from a too easy-going life to the fighting pitch, and they are at the fighting pitch. But no human population can be kept at the fighting pitch indefinitely. By the time Totalitarianism is counted out, the fighting go of the British, deprived of the stimulus of attack, will already be passing the zenith. The world at large will be getting sick of conflict.

Yet the mere collapse of the Nazi adventurers will not be in itself a victory for civilisation. Civilisation will win this war only if the menace of any further Air Terrorism is abolished for ever by one effective federal World Air Control, if the reckless spoliation of human resources by profiteering adventurers is replaced by a progressive World Conservation, and if the solidarity of mankind is firmly established on the basis of a common world law. None of these things is to be achieved unless this struggle goes far beyond the mere suppression of Messrs Hitler, Goering, Goebbels and Co. They will vanish with ignominy. What will not vanish is the fact that this world tragedy arose out of the decay of an out-of-date patchwork of sovereign states supplemented by an international net of finance and profiteering enterprise. This war arose out of that decay; it is a phase in that decay, and its passing will by itself do nothing whatever to

arrest that decay. The Atlantic democracies, much of their moral energy spent upon the fighting, will nevertheless be called upon for a fresh effort, and, what is more difficult than fighting, a constructive effort to establish that better world order. Instead of saying, "Now let us have a new world", we shall, I fear, find them saying simply, "Oh, let us have peace—any peace. We are jaded".

Then we shall certainly get a weak peace, another Versailles, that will end nothing. For in that phase of slackness, the rotting system of the past will surely make its last supreme effort to reassemble its tattered fragments, its ancient conceptions of power. Not because the reactionaries who will lead this attempt are exceptionally evil and malignant people, but because they are people in positions of privilege and advantage, brought up to believe their world is the best of all possible worlds. They have never desired nor been stimulated to imagine any other. Their leaders are usually men of over sixty. The great change in the conditions of human life that demands a revision of all our values, has occurred in the past third of a century. They will struggle with a blind obstinacy to restore a world already dead. As the dictator gangsters fade, our warfare is steadily becoming a war of the unawakened past against the awakening future.

Nothing can prevent these reactionaries from involving themselves and all our world in a common suicide but an untiring educational campaign. Now. Many of them and many more of their sons and daughters may yet be won over to understanding and participation. Above all, the masses have to be pulled together to a realisation of their duty to themselves and their children. They must not merely ask for a new world; they must see that they get it and be helped to see that they get it. No vague and empty promises must satisfy them, but words as sharp and clean as swords, undertakings so explicit that they cannot be evaded. Nothing is so urgent now as the free speech and unhampered publication needed for the propaganda of the new world. No human service is so imperative as the propaganda by every possible means and at any cost, of these obvious saving ideas.

XXXI

RELIGION AND SCIENCE

HERE CAN BE no opposition of Religion and Science for the very good reason that no scientific worker can be anything but a profoundly religious man. My friend Sir Richard Gregory has recently published an admirable work in which he deals faithfully with this false antagonism. No one can be a scientific worker who does not believe there is a rational order underlying the universe. There could be no finer confirmation of the essential correspondence of the rational mind with the order of things, than, for instance, the recent work done by Thomas Hunt Morgan and his colleagues at the California University which has made visible and real the chromosomes of the Fruit Fly in exactly the sequence in which they had previously been arranged upon purely theoretical considerations. Even the apparently inhuman confusion of the starry heavens may be brought at least into reasonable and serviceable harmony with the persistent human mind. The scientific worker, whatever his upbringing may have been, and whatever sectarian labels he may still be wearing, does in fact believe in Truth—which is his God—in a God who is first and foremost Truth and mental courage. His life business is unfolding the divinity in things, and the real conflict is between the Truth as he unfolds it and the priests and exploiters of the false Gods who still dominate most men's lives. They would stop all seeking because they pretend to know all. What more does the human mind require, they ask, than their Mumbo Jumbo and abracadabra, and so they prohibit the reading of books, they make their index of forbidden literature, they restrain the free movements of enquiry, lest these things should disturb the “faith” of their followers. Priests invented book burning long before Hitler.

Much prejudice has been excited against Russia by the reiteration of that inscription in Moscow, “Religion is the

opium of the people". But add three explanatory words and make it: "Know-all priestly religion", and it is completely true, and that was its intention. When I visited Russia in 1934, I made it my business to see their "anti-God" museums, as they are called in Petersburg and Moscow; they are no more Anti-God than I am. They expose, ruthlessly and convincingly, the tricks and sham miracles by which the Orthodox priesthood bolstered up the credulousness of the Russian serf. Millions of worthy people in the western world have been horrified by those dreadful words. Since we can have no reasonable settlement of human affairs without some co-operation with Russia, it is high time they began to get over this entirely false and mischievous horror.

XXXII

THE DOLLAR AS GOD

I HAVE A practical mind, and I judge a man's religion by the line of conduct he pursues. If, for example, he persists in getting drunk, if he goes to great trouble and abandons most of the other good things in life to get drunk and keep drunk, then I do not care what battered religious labels may be sticking to him, Baptist, Greek Orthodox, Sunnite, Hindu, Buddhist, Christian Scientist, Atheist, his real God is Drunkenness. And if he estimates the values of life in terms of dollars; if he thinks that losing Dollars is failure and calls accumulating and spending Dollars in a showy and successful way "making good", then his creed does not matter in the least to me; his real working God is the Dollar. Many Dollar worshippers have lived and died, envied and respected, and it is with some temerity I confess I do not think much of their divinity. He is going the way of so many other false gods nowadays. I doubt if the Dollar God can save his worshippers. I doubt if he can save himself.

In his heyday he was a very mighty god indeed. He could bind and unloose. Nothing could be done unless he advanced capital for it. The hands might be free; the need might be urgent, the material might be standing idle, but if that material was in debt nothing could happen until the god relented. The chief concern of everyone who sought to serve his fellow men by scientific research or by any sort of beneficent work was to "raise funds". Steadily the Deity conquered the world. From all the world he exacted his tribute, all the gold on earth came to him to be buried in one great hoard, and over and above that, he held men's promises to pay beyond their utmost efforts. By all the teaching of his priests, all men were his bond slaves. Only they rebelled. They told his worshippers to whistle for their money and set about handling their mortgaged countries as though they were free, working by barter systems, by collective

exploitation, by inflating their money until it floated off their affairs, and by flat repudiation. Since money began, the history of mankind has been a story of such rebellions, of years of jubilee and the wiping out of debt. The usurers and mortgagees, who had turned a counter into a divinity, resisted in vain. They did their little sums in vain. Croesus was one of the great Gold worshippers in the ancient world. Hardy unbelievers came against him and melted his hoarded Deity and poured it down his throat.

XXXIII

THE SPANISH MYSTERY

THE PRESENT WAR began in Spain with the betrayal of the legal government. The refusal of Great Britain and America to allow Spain to buy the munitions needed to suppress the pronunciamento of General Franco ultimately destroyed the liberal Republican Government. I made a tour of Spain in 1932. I drove my car by way of Barcelona along the coast to Elche and Murcia, over the Sierra Nevada to Granada, then by way of Cordoba and Toledo to Madrid, and so through Saragossa and Montserrat to Barcelona again. I went through a smiling country, manifestly astir politically but alive. I found my friend de los Rios toiling at the provision of the thousands of schools needed to abolish illiteracy. That sunlit country has been desolated by the Franco adventure, and to-day it is a Totalitarian terrorism smouldering on the verge of vindictive revolt. Why did our so-called democratic countries let down that legal government?

So far as Britain goes I have some inkling of the forces that thwarted the common-sense impulses of the British people. That regrettable reactionary thrust from above which has assumed such formidable proportions in British affairs is patently responsible. The new Government was republican and liberal, and the Queen of Spain belonged to the British royal family. The new Government was professorial and plebeian; it was breaking up great estates, educating the people, and struggling for a vulgar common welfare that would have robbed Spain of much of its austere old-world charm. All that I can understand as happening over my head under the essentially Tory regime that governs me and my country. But what I find difficult to understand is why President Roosevelt participated in that great betrayal.

Like most people I take a very lively interest in Franklin Delano Roosevelt. I listen to his persuasive voice on the air and I have been privileged to bask in his magnificent smile. He has produced

phrases to outshine the inspired rhetoric of our great Prime Minister, and throughout this war he has given definite expression to democratic ideals that might otherwise have been lost sight of in the storm of belligerent passion. But nevertheless he participated in that crucial betrayal of liberal hope. Why did he do it?

They tell me that he is first and last a superlative politician, and I can well believe it, and when I sit here in my study with very little to gain or lose by what I write except that satisfaction, which I share with the scientific worker, of getting my statements true, I realise the profound difference between his conditions and my own. He belongs to the present day. He has to produce his results as he goes. I can be indifferent to my extremest ineffectiveness in current affairs. I do not care if I am for a time in a minority of one against all mankind, because in the long run, if I have hit off the truth, that will win, and if I have failed to hit it off, I shall have done my best. But a statesman must keep his majority. He may be able to persuade people to a considerable extent, and that the President does; but all the time he must watch them. He must not go too fast or too far for them. He must weigh every form of organised prejudice, every obstinate interest and every possible misunderstanding and misrepresentation. If he loses his majority, he is reduced to ineffectiveness. Nothing is left for him then but to write his reminiscences and become a college president in his old age.

I take it that Roosevelt failed the liberal republic in Spain because he was unsure of the American people in that matter. He had to consider the Catholic vote and the influence of British society. Catholic opinion in America had been deeply moved by attacks on religious houses and the burning of churches, and few Catholics realised that the Spanish Government, attacked from the left by a powerful anarchist-syndicalist revolt, was doing its utmost to restrain these outrages. That struggle is presented in Sender's *Seven Red Sundays*. Franco's pronunciamento was regarded therefore not as another outbreak of Totalitarian gangsterism, but as a preliminary to the restoration of Church and Monarchy.

America, North and South, Catholic and non-Catholic, knows better now, now that the long and bitter chapter of consequences has unfolded. . . .

Only in this fashion can I explain this perplexing chapter in President Roosevelt's story.

XXXIV

THE FOURTH SEAL

THIS IS A belated review of one of the most illuminating volumes about European affairs that has ever been published. It has had a small circulation since it was published in 1930, but it should be in the amazed hands of every intelligent man in the English-speaking community. I commend it to the attention of the Penguin Press. It is as important as *Mein Kampf*. It displays naively and plainly where we stand and what Dark Forces, to borrow its own phrase, are undermining our civilisation. It takes its title from the Book of Revelation, the apocalyptic title of *The Fourth Seal*, and its author is no less a person than Sir Samuel Hoare.

This Sir Samuel is one of those rulers of whom we in Britain, thanks for those occult forces in high places, are unable to rid ourselves. For some obscure reason he must always sit in at the councils that are responsible for our lives and freedom! What a grasp this wonder child must have upon the varied realities of life! Well, read his book—if you can get it.

It is quite readable, and there is something personally very attractive about the good-looking author (portrait). He gives himself away with an endearing generosity. Could one better the simplicity of his opening sentences—he is speaking of 1914, after a vast press campaign of warning against Germany.

"The war found me as it found most others, unprepared for its arrival and unequipped for its operations. For ten years I had been engrossed in domestic politics. A period on the London County Council, three Parliamentary elections and four years of party strife in the House of Commons had fully occupied my time. Educational questions, the Welsh Church and Irish Home Rule had left me neither the time nor opportunity to follow the developments of world politics or to study the needs of Imperial defence. Army affairs I had particularly neglected. Never even

a Territorial, I had been repelled rather than attracted by the noisy campaign for national service, and oppressed by the portentous discussions that year by year I had sleepily heard in the debates on the Army Estimates. It was only a fortnight before the outbreak of war that a chance meeting in a country house . . . ”

Need I quote further? In the same bright way he tells how he fell ill and learnt Russian and how he was promptly adopted by the British Military Intelligence as a confidential agent to report on Russian affairs. He went through Sweden. “As an allied officer was liable to internment in a neutral country, it meant travelling in *mufti* and concealing my sword in an umbrella case.”

He had to take his sword!

The substance of his book is a description and estimate of Russian affairs in the 1914-1918 period, so queerly parallel at times, in their vaster, laxer, incredibly unpunctual way, to certain aspects of our own. What stands out is his complete incapacity to imagine any other world than the world into which he was born and in which he has so far lived his excessively successful life. All his geese are swans, and his descriptions of the high and noble people he admired, from the Czar to Madame Tirkova, are like portraits by de Laszlo. Over against them are the wicked common people who, driven frantic at last, smashed up this array of glittering incompetence. “I was astonished by the completeness of the crash. Like Cromie, I could not understand how a disciplined navy could become in the course of a few hours a mob of brutal murderers. Like the Red Cross workers to whom I have spoken, I could not believe that young peasants, whose courage in the army was almost miraculous, and whose holy deaths were as the deaths of saints, could ever fall victims to the wave of treachery that swept through their ranks.”

“Wave of treachery!” What else was there for the poor sacrificed devils to do? Without arms and with idiot leaders. “The army and the navy degenerated into leaderless mobs, *communism soon raged in the towns*, and the peasants *withdrew into the recesses of the country*.”

The italics are mine. He never saw anything of the actual revolution. He got out of Russia just in time to miss it. On the

revolution he is as trustworthy as—Dean Inge, let us say. Manifestly this man has never had an idea in his head except reaction; he is as helpful in the business of reconstructing the world as a stampeding pony. One supreme horror gnaws him, the end of Society, with a large S, assailed by liberty, equality, fraternity, socialism, democracy and, something almost too horrible for language, the “Bolshie”. Any ally is good against these, Hitler, Franco, anyone. And he winds up with, “I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, Come and see. And I looked, and behold a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth.””

It is appalling that this blinkered, pleasant, gossipy, gullible creature, after being Air Minister, Secretary for India, Foreign Secretary, First Lord of the Admiralty, Home Secretary and Lord Privy Seal, should have been installed at last in Madrid as the spokesman of democracy. Human beings were in jail there, outside the range of his observation and sympathy. Wholesale murder was afoot, and he did nothing to restrain it. He was as indifferent to all that suffering as he was to the miseries of the Russian masses, off-stage and practically nobodies, during that culminating series of banquets and celebrations he describes with such innocent gusto, when he left Russia on the very eve of the breaking of the Fourth Seal. “The restaurant (car) was in the hands of a Tartar *chef* who had always been attached to important official journeys. . . . It was both comfortable and agreeable. . . . The poor station master (at Thurso) had completely lost his head from the invasion of so many distinguished people. . . . The allies were mistaken in sending such a Mission at all; the members of the Mission were equally mistaken in almost all the conclusions that they reached about the Russian front and the state of Russia. The ink on the optimistic reports that they wrote on the *Kildonan Castle* was scarcely dry when the news reached us in England of the outbreak of the Revolution.””

After writing that he was entrusted with one great office after another, and even the crash of the war could not rid us of him.

At Madrid treachery to civilisation stalked by under this fantastic gentleman’s self-complacent nose. At any moment the

surprise of Tangiers might have been repeated at Gibraltar. Franco and Suner sat on the fence, ready to pounce if Britain had even the appearance of a reverse. American and Canadian wheat and Spanish iron ore poured into the Totalitarian countries, with his eager acquiescence. What did he think he was up to? British liberal opinion, in spite of the government intimidation of the press, clamoured as loudly as it could for his recall. I did my best to assist the clamour. I wish him no harm. But his proper job is to be gossip correspondent for a smart newspaper. He wouldn't do it as well as my Lords Castlerosse and Donegall, but he would do it very well. Our proper ally in Spain is and always has been democratic Spain, and the sooner we British help that Spain back to liberty, the better for the world.

At the moment of writing this (March 1941) this *silly* man—there really is no other word for him; he is not only silly mentally but morally silly, indifferent to cruelty and misery—is installed at Madrid, spending your money and mine, in some wily and dishonourable wangling with the traitor Franco, who swamped the hope of a liberal and friendly Spanish republican regime in blood and disaster. With the connivance of the British Government—largely I believe because the loyal Spanish Government was a republican regime. He is a salaried Member of Parliament (£600) although he is continually out of England, and he has an allowance of £5,800 for “expenses”. And what sort of post-war scoundrelism we are being committed to, as the price of Franco's propitiation, only the Foreign Office knows. These seeds will germinate later. Frankly now, let us be clear about it, we English who have been kept in the dark and muzzled, are not prepared to honour any of these secret Foreign Office commitments. A secret treaty cannot be binding on a democracy. We want a liberal Spain in a federated world. There can be no place of authority in any tolerable future for a man of Franco's type, with treachery in his heart, victims still in his clutches and blood upon his hands.

XXXV

THE INATTENTIVE EMBASSY

(DECEMBER 30TH, 1940)

THE ENERGETIC EFFORTS of the Nazis to escape the consequences of their marvellous lightning stroke to dominate the world, are only equalled by the steady determination of the British Foreign Office and diplomatic service to gain no advantage from their collapse. Here is a plain tale from Lisbon of a British Embassy, at a vital point, at perhaps the most crucial phase of the war.

Two Englishmen, one of them a King's Messenger, arrived at the Embassy at two o'clock in the afternoon. They had come by an American liner and they had been surprised to find no one from the Embassy to assist them through the customs. The Press and the photographers knew they were coming. The Embassy knew, but just did not stir a finger. At the Embassy they found two Portuguese attendants, one partly literate and the other illiterate, but neither speaking English, and no one else to give them any assistance or information. Crisis hung over Portugal like a cloud and might burst at any moment, but that is how the British representatives were awaiting it. The two visitors sat down and refused to leave until someone was produced. With the help of various newspaper men, unguarded telephones were discovered, and touch was established with various remote officials. It added greatly to the muddle that, while we in England were being taxed to the limit of endurance, this British Embassy was being redecorated. Pails, paint and planks abounded. By the end of an hour, one of the visitors was being extremely rude; he was asking "Where the hell is my Ambassador?" and behaving horribly democratic, and there was a certain amount of opening and shutting doors and sneaking by and peeping in. Winsome, rather than useful, young men appeared, expert in the art of

subordinate evasion. At first, the Embassy seemed disposed to lie and say it had not expected anyone.

This, you object, is a tale of small beer. It is not. It centres on insignificant individuals, but the story would have been exactly the same whatever had arrived. It would have been the same if Franco had made a rush from the frontier—only an hour or so away. It was exactly this same apathy which caught British diplomacy unaware when Franco seized Tangiers last July. Most ordinary English people still do not know that the English were kicked out of Tangiers by our government's protégé Franco, without a word of protest. There was a bitter debate in Parliament but it got no press. I know not why.

It is the degeneration of the office-holding British class that makes the British war outlook so much less encouraging than it would otherwise be. Britain may lose this war, as well as Germany. The Germans have already lost it, the British Foreign Office and diplomatic service seem to be doing their utmost to throw it back to them.

Incredible that this Lisbon Embassy should be in the same war with the stark heroism of the *Jervis Bay* and that it is this sort of people who manifestly hope to emerge on the top of democracy in their artistically redecorated Embassy, possibly under the protection of the aggressors they have so sedulously failed to resist, when the war is over.

Since the above went to press, *Ambassador Dodd's Diary* has been published. A whispering campaign against its accuracy was attempted in London, and I have been at some pains to hunt down and dispose of these detractions whenever they took a definite form. It is one of the frankest and most clear-headed accounts we are ever likely to have of the European drama during the past seven years. His outspoken comments on the Fascist sympathies of many upper-class British people are extremely illuminating, and one startling event after another, the recent tribute loan to Franco, the appointment of the gallant and pious but seriously ossified Lord Gort to "defend" Gibraltar in the place of a younger and abler man, more than justifies Dodd's worst intimations of a positive will for defeat in high quarters.

XXXVI

COUNCIL OF CIVIL LIBERTIES, COLONIAL CONFERENCE

THIS SURVEY OF the forces that may help or hinder the salvation of mankind by a rationally conceived World Revolution, remains incomplete if we think only in terms of the freely working and reading publics of the Europeanised democracies. There we have the prospect of swift realisations of our present world problem, and of rapid developments of constructive releases and co-operations. Millions of people in these combatant countries still have access to contemporary thought as rapidly as it takes shape and is written. Antagonism, repression, congealed prejudices, misrepresentation and boycotts we have to face, but these are the defensive activities of an old order of things almost consciously in dissolution. Revolution demands its stoical devotees, its martyrs, its sacrifices and frustrations; it offers little to personal ambitions, and that grudgingly, nevertheless it has a quality of constructive hope; its open advocates can wring respect from their antagonists and sense victory even in transitory defeat.

But this revolutionary contemporaneousness is only possible to those who speak, read and think in terms of a highly Europeanised education. Over large areas of the earth, although distance has been abolished, there are innumerable patches and pockets of population who are now entangled irreparably in world economics and world politics, who live under novel and less and less endurable conditions, but who are yet mentally out of phase with any world-wide conception of emancipation. This is one of the problems the Russian Revolution has had to confront. Still more widely does it confront the world revolutionary. To be monoglot nowadays, except in one of the great world languages, is necessarily to be toiling along years behind the constructive thought of the world.

The Soviet Government does what it can to preserve its local distinctions, but it does impose a general literacy in Russian sufficient to maintain the large majority of its people in a common understanding of the Stalin-Lenin-Marx theory of social order, and sufficient also, *given a relaxation of the existing censorship*, to bring up the Russian populations very rapidly to a phase of free interchange of political ideas with the west. The revolution came to them from the west and it needs to be repeatedly revitalised from the west. But that is by the way. What the Soviet system has done within its boundaries, could be done, on a far wider scale and with more immediate results, in the endless regions of limited outlook under British control.

There is no need to attack or suppress local cultures. None whatever. They have a depth and value of their own, but there is need to add to all that, an education in modern science and world relationships, for which, so far as the British Empire goes, English alone can supply a medium.

This is quite different from attacks to suppress local languages. That has been one of the follies of German aggression, so that over large parts of Central Europe the German language, which had been steadily making its way as a convenient lingua franca for centuries, became the symbol of acquiescence in a detested and increasingly detestable political regime. Whereupon people, even at great personal inconvenience, did their best to give up using it. In Poland, in the Balkans, these language wars go on, and pools of population are left out of touch with all that is going on in world affairs to-day. In Mr de Valera's spite slum, Southern Ireland or, as it is called in the re-vamped Gaelic dialect occasionally used there on official occasions to the consternation of strangers, "Eire", there is a strenuous suppression of books and ideas, and a desperate attempt to restore that country to a monoglot isolation, which, among other things, tends to estrange and will continue to estrange the home-staying residuum of Gaelic-befogged Irishmen from their English-speaking majority in Australia and America.

My sense of the aggregate importance of these enormously varied communities of prevented, ill-informed, dissentient and lagging people who remain out of touch with the gathering movement for an ultimate world revolution, and of the problems

and difficulties created by this deadweight of mere resistance to the thing that is, was much enhanced by a gathering assembled by the Council of Civil Liberties to discuss the limitations of thought, discussion and liberty in the British Colonial Empire. The Council of Civil Liberties is a very well-meaning body indeed, inspired by a genuine passion for freedom, and it had gathered a great number of representative men, for the most part of dusky complexion, to speak with force and indignation and conviction, of the petty restrictions, suppressions, bullying and downright tyrannies that can still go on out of the London limelight under the Union Jack.

I listened uncomfortably and at last a little resentfully. In the first place I was indicted as the responsible British citizen who ought to prevent all these things. I was the fortunate and privileged Englishman, omniscient and all powerful, who was ultimately to blame in these affairs. I felt the discomfort of a man who is being rather cruelly guyed. I wanted to protest that I was almost as rank an outsider as any of these supplicants who were dismayed me with their grievances, that I was by birth and circumstances non-existent politically, that I had been a rebel and a revolutionary against a system that I also had found oppressive and humiliating and had fought against from my childhood up.

I wanted to get up and repudiate this disconcerting imputation of responsibility, and from that phase of discomfort I passed to resentment. I have been working all my life to liberate myself—and I found that when one searched the problem to its roots it meant liberating all mankind—from the net of circumstances that held down my world. And here were these people asking me to give up what I was doing—they obviously thought that was of no importance at all and had never troubled to learn anything about it—in order to specialise in adjusting the particular trouble they were having with Governor Blimp or District Commissioner Log or the ruthless and unscrupulous administration of the King Stork Company. I was to do all that liberation for them whatever movement they happened to be up to, and there was not the slightest sign of any intention to do anything whatever for me. My associates were gathering up our ideas and strength for a World Revolution, but the idea

that that means, among other things, the equal emancipation of ordinary British and other European peoples and of all peoples throughout the world, had evidently never entered their heads, or it had been immediately subordinated to more urgent considerations.

Afterwards when I left the meeting we had some conversation in the lobby. "Last year," said I, "a world-wide discussion occurred, in which you were free to participate. The outcome of that world-wide discussion was a very carefully polished statement called the Sankey Declaration of the Rights of Man. It was worked over again and again. It dealt with the rights of man throughout the world, and there is not a single grievance of which you complain which would not be completely remedied if that Declaration were made, as it was intended to be made, the fundamental law of the world. Why should I have to come to this meeting and listen to the recital of a long string of special cases without one single word of reference to this common basis? What is the particular snag that averts you from an appeal to that comprehensive remedy?"

To which the Council of Civil Liberties had no adequate reply. "Well then," said I, "pass a resolution and line up with us. The Declaration is for men of every creed, race and colour."

Whereupon I was anointed with oily compliments. I was a great inspirer of thought, a prophet, etc. etc. but—— . . .

"The fact is you don't want that Declaration," I said, brushing these floral tributes aside.

And that is the essential fact of the situation. These Civil Liberty people do not want a World Declaration of Rights.

Heaven forbid that I should seem to incline towards Governor Blimp, District Commissioner Log or the hard-faced director of the King Stork Company, but when I come to think over the rather glib and vindictively bright-eyed charges brought against them, I began to feel the possibility of a certain apology for those no doubt narrow-minded but not altogether scoundrelly individuals. Were my dusky friends really anxious for a rational reconstruction of human relationships? Were they actually downtrodden children of the light, or were they pursuing ends as alien or more alien to the great objectives of the Ultimate

Revolution, as any conception of law and order that inspired the authorities they indicted?

What exactly were the particular activities these tyrants suppressed? What were these victims doing or trying to do, that couldn't be covered by a sane fundamental law? Were they up to something that Governor Blimp and Co. understood sufficiently to justify a reasonable intolerance? The Governor and the District Commissioner and so on had to speak in the restrained language of officialdom; perhaps they had not the wit to state a case in terms acceptable to modern liberalism; there may have been many secondary but adequate obstacles to prevent them telling their story at home; but maybe they had a case.

Let us for example imagine that the insalubrious but productive colony of Marginalia, had great and lucrative plantations of something called poogle, and that the labour and living conditions of the poogle growers were extremely unsatisfactory, and the administration of discipline, to give it no harsher adjective, tactless. There was a certain hierarchy of responsibility. Over the common labourer stood a series of foremen and interpreters, with a smattering of English and a generally better education than the plantation rank and file. There would be considerable discontent on the plantations. Suppose then that a certain number of that foreman stratum, imbued with ideas of business derived from the west, conceived the idea of exploiting their discontent, made a great bother about it and set about squeezing the poogle company. They would organise strikes and revolts until the company either crushed them or came to terms with them.

The trouble-makers would be brought to see the light. Everything would be reported settled, and the state of the poogle workers would sink back out of public observation. It was, however, a conflict capable of repeated resurrection, in the hands of fresh men. The old order usually made a fight at first before it gave in to the new reforms. Having no doubts about its own side of the matter, it would, with a clumsy old-fashioned sense of righteousness, try and "get" these enterprising disturbers of the peace. Again a conflict and again a settlement. In any process of squeeze it is the under dog that flattens most. The one

thing one could be sure about, would be that the conditions of the common poogle growers would experience no permanent improvement. There would remain a hidden fount from which fresh marketable discontent could be pumped.

These, the Council of Civil Liberties will say, are abominable imputations. But are they so abominable? They have to be considered.

It is quite possible we are dealing with a conflict in which both sides are equally remote from any realisation of the nature and purpose of the world revolution. World Conservation and the Declaration of the Rights of Man will override both systems of mental confusions, but in the meanwhile I submit we are as little concerned with one side of the matter as the other and as little entitled to judge between them.

Abominable imputations?

If these excellent ventilators of grievances really want a new order of justice and fine living, they can sweep aside all these imputations by lining up with us in the world revolution. Until they do so, I do not see any advantage whatever in taking sides on their extremely ambiguous behalf.

XXXVII

INDIA A NATION?

ABOUT THE TIME of that discussion by the Council of Civil Liberties of the tyrannies of our Colonial Governments, I was interviewed by a very interesting Indian enquirer about the relations of the modern revolutionary movement to India. I found him unable and unwilling to grasp the idea that there was any connection whatever between his interpretation of the Indian outlook and the broad conception of an equalitarian world as it is expressed in the Sankey Declaration.

A brilliant Indian woman who was formerly in charge of education in Baroda, who has been anxious to enlist me on the side of Indian recalcitrance, is equally obtuse. We do not hear enough, she says, of what is going on in India. She tells me so-and-so and so-and-so are in jail, the tide of civil disobedience is rising, and so forth and so on. After the manner of Indian politicians she addresses me as if I were the British Government and tries to make me feel the serious danger to my Empire of estranging her friends. It is quite useless to explain I am not the British Empire, that I am widely regarded as a disloyal rebel. She sweeps that aside. She complains that I, the British Empire, will not concede that India is a nation, and that is the cause of this portentous cloud of trouble with which she seeks to dismay me.

When I reply that I am prepared to go much further than that and declare that India is far more than a nation, that it is the equivalent, not of Eire, let us say, but of all Europe and more than Europe, not a nation but a constellation of nations, I find that I have said something disconcerting. She wants Indian nationality but not so much nationality as that. That does not fall in at all with the ideas and ambitions of this relatively very small but extremely audible minority which has taken upon itself to impersonate the downtrodden Indian "nation".

Last year I took a lively part in the world debate that produced the Sankey Declaration of Human Rights. Appeals were sent to Mahatma Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru, and several other conspicuous figures in Indian affairs. Gandhi answered with characteristic egotism. He was quite sure he could draw up a better charter of rights than we could. Let us agree to that. And next?

"But of what good will it be?" he goes on. "Who will become its guardian? If you have intended propaganda or popular education you have begun at the wrong end. I suggest the right way. Begin with a charter of the Duties of Man (both D and M in capitals) and I promise that the rights will follow as spring follows winter.

"I write from experience. As a young man I began life by seeking to assert my rights and I soon discovered that I had none—not even over my wife. So I began by discovering and performing my duty by my wife, my children, my friends and Society and I find to-day that I have greater rights perhaps than any living man I know."

One shrugged one's shoulders at this naive exhibitionism. We replied that we were not talking to the Great Teacher of his rights but of the rights of other people. To define the rights of others is surely the only way of defining your own duties. To which we got no answer. Evidently Gandhi does not intend to merge himself or his following in any world revolution. Non-co-operation has become his ruling passion. He has, as he boasts, greater rights than any other living man, and what else could man desire? In the narrow world of Indian discussion, of Congress debates and party manœuvres, where "Great Personalities" dominate the scene, I suppose it is difficult to escape this sort of self-centred partisanship. The thing we have to realise is that except for a certain nuisance value and that some Americans take him seriously, the Mahatma is of no interest whatever to the World Revolutionary of to-day. He can starve to death on our doorstep whenever he wants to. We will maintain his right to do so, stoutly, even though he is infringing our own freedom of movement, by choosing that particular place. His non-co-operation and all the rest of it, belongs to a world of ideas and reactions that is already completely out-of-date.

The response of Mr Nehru is more interesting and considerably nearer the realities of our troubled world. He seems to question the value of a Declaration, because the institutions needed to implement it are not already waiting about, as it were, for its coming. "We have seen so many declarations, which read and sound so well, lead to nothing at all. Apart from the major declarations, everyone will remember the Briand-Kellogg pact for the outlawry of war."

But before we can move in any direction it is necessary to indicate the direction in which we are going, and the whole of this present book goes to and fro among the available forces in the world, in an attempt to piece together a Guide to the New World that our Declaration indicates.

But let me quote Mr Nehru further. "My main difficulty is that this declaration does not indicate at all how it is going to be given effect to. I do not mean the details, but rather the fundamental principles of social and economic organisation. If it is true, as I hold it is, that the present ills of the world are largely due to the political and economic structure of the world, then it becomes essential to change this structure and to bring it in line with the objectives suggested in this declaration. I do not think Mr Wells's declaration can possibly be realised under a system which is dominated by capitalism and imperialism. Thus both of these have to go before one could build anew."

"Mr Wells lays down that every man is entitled to various things. I agree. But how is he to get them under capitalism or if any class or nation is dominated by another? The way lies through socialism and a social structure of society."

Now I ask the reader to turn back to Chapter XIII, and there he will find the full text of this same Declaration. Let him read the first two paragraphs of the Introduction. I will for his convenience reprint three sentences here.

"Man is being forced to organise co-operation among the medley of separate sovereign States which has hitherto served his political ends. At the same time he finds it necessary to rescue his economic life from devastation by the immensely enhanced growth of profit-seeking business and finance. Political, economic and social collectivisation is being forced upon him."

Here we have a statement of human society as completely

socialised as Mr Nehru desires, but because for very excellent reasons I do not use the phrases that have been popularised by the Communist Party during the last century, "Capitalist system," "Imperialism" and so forth, he is unable to recognise the broad identity of our ideas. There never has been a Capitalist System, a set conspiracy against the common man; financial and business methods have fluctuated widely through the ages, it is not an inflexible antagonist but Proteus we fight; and the present war is no more a war between imperialisms than it is a free fight of megatheria. All that sort of thinking has been overrun by the march of events, and yet here we have it, obstructing the realisation of our common objective in the mind of the ablest and most modern of Indian leaders. Instead of lining up at once with our completer, maturer proposition for a reorganised world, he seems to be thinking backwardly of some imitation of the Russian Revolution amidst the varied Indian scene. So that instead of bringing his wide knowledge and experience to co-operate with us and guide us towards a solution of this intricate problem of adjusting the innumerable variety of local, racial and caste communities of India to a new overriding world Pax, he marches along in the Communist Party blinkers he has more or less adopted—to futility.

Life is short, no doubt, for any of us to get a complete grasp of reality, but it is a great misfortune that his modesty and haste have conspired to make him an uncritical pupil of that outworn technique of revolution instead of addressing himself clear-headedly to the problem before him. He has, so to speak, bought an old elephant gun and he is out at sea looking for a whale.

Returning now to my interviewer. He had come to me with a manifest predisposition to enlist me in this "India a Nation" movement. I became restive. "What is the population of India?" I asked.

"Four hundred million."

I asked how many languages, how many scripts, how many religions. He answered vaguely. A great many. He did not know. "And these people are in a state of repression by a garrison of—how many British?"

About a hundred thousand! At most! It sounded incredible.

"They just trample on you and keep you down. When did you first set eyes on an Englishman?"

He saw his first Englishman when he was in his teens. This particular tyrant did nothing oppressive, it seems. He just went by.

"And now; what do *your* people amount to? I mean the men who wear white caps, read newspapers, do politics and are interested in Congress and so forth. Is there a hundred thousand of them? More? A quarter of a million? Mostly English-speaking Bengalis? So the truth is that about one Indian in sixteen hundred is in qualified revolt against something between a third and a half of a Britisher, and the other fifteen hundred and ninety-nine are for all practical purposes indifferent or unaware of this conflict for the Indian nation that is going on?"

"If you put it in that way——"

"I'm only trying to get it clear in my mind. And your sturdy band of patriots, mostly in Bengal, propose to throw out that garrison of a hundred thousand Britishers and take over the peninsula and become the new rulers of that vast sub-continent. It's a fine ambition. But these are days of rapid mental fermentation, and you don't think that maybe some of those four hundred millions who have hitherto been mute and ineffective in a sort of lethargic acquiescence in the rule of King Log, may get hold of your phrase 'India for the Indians' from the wrong end, and begin to sit up and take notice and do benighted but troublesome things to you? I am just asking."

"But you must admit," he said very brightly, "that before India can become international it must develop a national consciousness."

"Why do you talk such nonsense?" I said, being as deliberately rude as I could. "Why must a Pathan develop a sense of solidarity with a Parsee or a Goanese or a Veddah before he can develop a sense of solidarity with an Afghan or an Arab, a Persian or a Turk?"

"You English certainly believe in the maxim 'Divide and rule'."

"So you get back to that dear belief that men like me, *are* the British Government, and that somewhen in the past before we wicked British came and broke it up into its fragments, India was one united nation. I come to you talking world brotherhood and world peace. In English, Yes. I *must* use

English. What other political language is there in India? If you talk politics in any vernacular you must eke out its insufficiencies with English political words. I come to find what your vast sub-continent has to contribute to the world problem, and I find nothing fresh, nothing new, nothing really Indian at all, nothing but imitative and stale echoes of the West, misapplied. This is a result of what our *Times* calls your 'political immaturity', but why can none of you grow up? You don't even wake up!"

So I scolded him, very unjustly, because it is easy to explain the present widespread political backwardness of the East. They have been under-stimulated for generations, and there is every excuse for them. Unhappily the stars in their courses have no mercy for excuses. At the challenge of disaster you must face emergency or perish. You must produce the courage of flexible originality or die.

The quarrels between our British Blimps and these extreme ambiguous patriots, repeating the political catchwords of the last century, are, like the duck-billed platypus and the echidna, "living fossils". They are out-of-date, and except that they get in the way between later and better Western reading and thinking on the one hand and young India on the other, they have no particular importance. But the question of access to the mind of young India is important. It is time India woke up to contemporary realities, and it is only the fresh young who can do that. The phase of youth passes more rapidly in that sunshine than in the West. They are men earlier and old men earlier.

The Revolution cannot leave these four hundred million people in their endless separate mental pools. India is like a rocky shore at low water, where because of some deep-seated forces elsewhere there is a change of level, and suddenly for the first time a tide is flowing in, that may never ebb again.

The varied life of these countless distinctive pools may still go on, refreshed and invigorated. The sea stars and sea flowers, the darting, lurking, local creatures, the extending tentacles, will be the brighter and the livelier, but only under the revivifying influx of the new sense of human unity that sweeps about the world.

We want new men and women in India. We want an India of original responses. All over the world we want new men and women, but in India most of all.

XXXVIII

THE LIMITATIONS OF COMRADE JOSEPH STALIN

THESE COMMENTS ON the problem of difference of phase which confronts the World Revolutionary so challengingly in the case of India and the backward regions of the old British Imperial system lead very naturally to a still broader survey of world mentality. It is indubitable that for the past two thousand five hundred years a long succession of human beings have spent their lives often in great toil and suffering to preach exactly what the World Revolution seeks to-day, the peace of the world, mutual and common service, the generous brotherhood of man. Almost all insurrections have professed what is, so far as things terrestrial go, that purpose, and even assuming those professions were insincere, they would not have been made, had there not been a great will and desire in humanity for them. The only difference between the definite New World Order we seek to-day and the essential teachings of Confucius, Buddha, Plato, Jesus and the other starry teachers of the past, so far as we can restore those teachings, is that we can now be infinitely more detailed and precise in our proposals. What was a noble idealism in their day, a prophetic aspiration, has become step by step first a practicable project and now an urgent necessity. In an atmosphere of free expression, unrestrained criticism and unembarrassed explanation, mankind would now have been living for centuries in the Kingdom of Heaven, in the Good Life, in a state of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity—it scarcely matters what terms you use, so nearly identical at the source have all these great revivalist movements been.

At the source. But as our Chapter XXV on Propaganda shows, there can be a very rapid deterioration in the assertion of an ideal. Not only are there the grosser forces depraving the movement, which we have dealt with in that chapter, but there is the tendency to substitute for the early simplicity of statement

and the frank admission of difficulties, a sort of slangy technicalisation that clouds the former and evades the latter. This was particularly evident in the century after that great break towards political and social honesty and justice, the French Revolution. First came the great release that found expression in the formula of liberty, equality and fraternity, and then the realisation that something was needed to protect human liberty from the abuses of ownership and the necessary superposition of Socialism upon that primary formula. This was a complex and difficult task. Men were still neither free nor equal and the reasons for this failure were intricate. Proudhon said "Property is robbery", but that was altogether too simple. Impatience carried the day. The free and open discussion and explanation that gradually cleared up the conception of ownership in the nineteenth century, went on side by side with a technicalising drive on the part of such writers as Marx towards a premature affectation of scientific accuracy. Where the rational man still found fruitful notes of interrogation, these doctrinaires produced glib dogmatic assurances.

This was particularly comforting to the modest working man and the enquiring young. But the trick of confident assertion developed by Marx in his controversies was easily learnt; his rudeness and dogmatism were infectious; and a crowd of imitators varied the essential teaching according to their particular social and national circumstances and increased their confident dogmatism with every difficulty. They would not recognise any sort of objection that was not couched in their own elaborate self-protective gabble.

The broad front of advancing Socialism was broken up by these controversies. These Marxists lost touch with the main flow of human thought. They missed the continual refreshment that only free expression in normal current language can give. They became in their degree, rock pools of arrested thinking, just like those rock pools of arrested thinking I have described in the preceding chapter. They present now another aspect of the same problem.

This phenomenon of rock-pool mental stagnation and increasing backwardness due to the suppression of free expression, is particularly evident in the case of Soviet Russia. Joseph Stalin is a man for whom I have a personal liking, an obstinate egocentred man but a man essentially self-critical and modest. I

have dealt with his necessary limitations in my book *Babes in the Darkling Wood* and I will not repeat those comments here. But I have recently been reading his *Leninism* (excellently translated by Eden and Cedar Paul) and it has brought home to me in the vividest fashion how far the Marxist tradition has gone in the substitution of a dialect of empty jargon and bad analogy for rational human speech. These Marxists delight particularly in warlike metaphors. They are always talking about "fronts" and "wings" and the like. And there is a wonderful party "line", from which there must be no "deviations". If one replaced those two ill-chosen words by the proper expressions, "orthodoxy" and "heresy", they would not understand them. They have forgotten them. Another of their slang terms is "dynamic". They pretend that in political directiveness the "dynamic" of the "masses" overrides the feeble indecisions of the intellectuals. They talk of this "dynamic" and yet they fail absolutely to use and keep pace with the normal language which grows and develops out of the mental flow of the population at large.

Like all the people who aspire to human leadership nowadays, Stalin is a voluminous writer. In the past when the political vitality of a community was confined to a limited stratum which could be assembled in the hundreds and thousands that alone mattered, it was the eloquent speaker who swept all before him. The great political figures of that period had, like Mr Ernest Bevin, generous souls and large resonant heads. But with the extension of a statesman's constituency to scores and hundreds of millions, coupled with the microphone and the radio, the man who writes or speaks to put himself on record carries things before him. We are living in a world of authors and radio speakers. Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Winston Churchill and the American President write. De Gaulle is a writer. The Pope, albeit only a mouthpiece, probably jots down some anticipations of his inspiration. By comparison, the reactionary statesmen of the decay, Halifax, Pétain, Weygand and so forth, are mumbling nonentities.

These modern ruler-writers *write* first and foremost, and behind their copious scribblings, put down in black and white, stalks the menace of subsequent and more searching criticism. He writes best who writes last. If things go on in this direction, then Plato's idea will be realised, and the philosopher, that is

to say the writer who, by a sound education in modern thought and particularly in human ecology, erstwhile called history, has been trained to write clearly and with the maximum of effect, will clean up after these amateurish scribblers, the dictators, and will be as much king as the new world will need. He will not be one man but many, tempering one another, as already men temper one another in the scientific world.

And to be frank with Comrade Joseph Stalin, whom I like and think an honest man, he does not write particularly well. I cannot judge his Russian. Most Russians I know say that most other Russians speak and write bad Russian, so that it is hard to decide on that point. Probably they are all right. In his Russian, however, whether good or bad, he uses Marxist jargon with a freedom and confidence that gives a touch of delirium to his screed. Phantoms such as the "bourgeoisie", the "proletariat", quite imaginary solidarities of human beings, gibber across the scene. The perplexed westerner who has seen and knows something of Russian realities finds nothing he can recognise in this dance of unreason.

But in justice to our author one must admit that his unreality is largely an inheritance from his subtler predecessor, who had to rationalise Marx somehow and explain away much that admitted of no direct explanation. The worst part of that heritage is the "dictatorship of the proletariat". Nobody knows really what and where this "proletariat" is, still less do they know how and where it dictates.

In Chapter XV, *Imported Communism*, I have drawn attention to the fact that there is a broad difference between the systems of the parliamentary democracies west of the Rhine, in which an Opposition, an openly critical alternative government, is an essential part of the political structure, and the world east of the Rhine, which has never had any practical experience of this double-barrelled system. This eastward world, confronted with the word "democracy" and the idea of government by "the people", did its best to interpret these concepts in terms of Marx's imaginary class distinctions, and decided that what was intended was the rule of the workers (proletariat) over the other classes. What else could it mean? They could not imagine a whole people. There has never yet been an adequate westernising propaganda, in these vast backward pools, and that is why at

the first opportunity they lapse back to that original paternalism which is the reality of the Stalin regime.

And so Comrade Stalin, who is by nature a realist and an honest man, struggles valiantly throughout these two volumes of matt prose to persuade himself and us that that phantom is real, controverting this, that and the other, subsequently liquidated, divergent comrade on political niceties of its behaviour. He disposes of Comrade Trotsky and Comrade Zinoviev and so on, one by one. As all writers, western or eastern, know, the finer the divergence the greater the exasperation.

And now what is to be the line of the modern World Revolutionary towards this great Russian mass, which has travelled so far towards the idea of world revolution and then stuck? I am afraid (because I like him) that Stalin has played his part in the world. But because of the barriers to expression and intercourse that have been set up, we do not know how much the nimble and rebellious Russian intelligence may have travelled beyond the Canute-like "Thus far" of Stalinism. I wish I could talk Russian and wander about Russia.

Here again we are led to make the same appeal that we made to the younger intelligence of India. The World Revolution wants *new* men and women. Its primary task is an appeal for a propaganda so widely conceived and so up-to-date, that all over the world it will be one identical propaganda, in which among other things Communism will be liquidated, reanimated and recast.

But while in India we have to contemplate the necessity of teaching and then using English as our medium of propaganda, we have in the case of the U.S.S.R. one of the great world languages ready to our hand. If this book is, what it attempts to be, a reasoned survey of the world outlook and the imperatives of our new conditions, then it has to be translated and got into Russia by every available means, overhead or underground, as soon as possible. The World Revolution can only succeed if it is conscious of itself and simultaneous throughout the planet. The opening-up of free mental exchanges between the English-speaking world and Russia is an affair of primary importance to our enterprise. Until that is effected, this coagulated Russian socialism can now be nothing but a drag upon the rational reorganisation of human affairs.

XXXIX

GETHSEMANE

I PROPOSE TO WRITE another brief note on a religious matter. These excursions are always unpopular. They offend the orthodox believer and the orthodox unbeliever alike. The Rationalist Press Association for example. It publishes some of my books, but I can imagine it establishing an Inquisition into my heretical concessions to religion. It might call in my old friend Mimmermus of the *Freethinker*. (*What a pseudonym!*) He'd get the irons hot with a gusto. I believe that there was a being called Jesus and that he was beyond all question one of the most extraordinary teachers who ever trod this earth. That is not orthodox unbelief.

But I find it impossible to concede him the cosmic theological importance he is given in the creeds. He went about the world teaching, but there was no miraculous preservation of his teaching. He taught orally. No reporters were present. His disciples seem to have committed his teaching to memory and to have handed it on to others, a little disarranged. Such word of mouth teaching still exists. Beside that sacred tank which surmounts Malabar Hill, I watched a teacher without book or diagram reciting to a class of boys, who learnt their lesson by repetition, sentence by sentence. Jesus referred to books by the quasi-magic formula "It is written", and there is only one record that he ever wrote—when he shielded the woman taken in adultery. He wrote in the sand, and it is the strangest thing in the world that no record exists of that writing. Did he write or seem to write? Could he write at all?

For a time his disciples trusted to memory for his teaching, maybe because they expected a speedy second coming. Later, they put their memories on record. I will not invade the disputes of the learned. Maybe there was one early record, memoranda, of his acts, and another of his sayings. Our standard documents

are the Four Gospels, of which St John diverges widely from the other three. St Luke seems to suggest there were others. They contradict each other in various ways, they have suffered in transcription and from doctrinal interpolations. They are human in that, and the effect of an outstanding personality, saying remarkable, perplexing and exalting things, looms through a fog. Yet plainly he was far greater than the trim, all too righteous figure with a halo and a spotless robe who afflicted our boyish days. He could be angry. He could overturn the tables of money-changers. He created the impression that he was an active revolutionary even among his followers. Some in Gethsemane were armed. He never called himself a Christian, nor did any of those who knew him personally use that word. It was introduced by St Paul at Antioch at least eight years after his death. In the first three Gospels in the order in which we know them, he is continually preaching something called the "Kingdom of Heaven"—pure righteousness. This phrase hardly occurs in St John's Gospel, wherein he is represented as proclaiming himself the mystical sacrificial divinity of St Paul.

None of the teaching of Jesus was written down at the time. St Paul wrote Epistles, so that we have his ingenious ideas set before us with the utmost clearness. Of Jesus we know only that, except for Judas, his followers were devoted to him—perplexed, but believing in him. They treasured his strange sayings piously even when they did not grasp their significance. Which is my reason for recalling one of the greatest of them, one very pertinent at the present time.

He had alarmed the Jewish authorities and they had invoked Pilate against him. The Jews could not kill him in Passover week, but they could hand him to the Romans, a crucifying people. He and his little band were in an enclosure, Gethsemane, pursued and outnumbered. What hopes there had ever been of an earthly revolution vanished that night. It is difficult to reconstruct what happened in Gethsemane except swift and dire disaster. From that darkness emerged a voice. It said nothing of rewards or compensations. It said: "My peace I give unto you." Peace at that moment! "My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled,

neither let it be afraid." At that hour! Was there ever a braver statement of stoical integrity?

In every great war it must be the lot of countless combatants on the side of righteousness to taste the bitterness of immediate personal defeat. Unsure of victory, they may lie out injured and near dying, freezing in the boat or buried in the ruin. But so long as their central core lives, so long as they are undrugged and mentally integral—for men can be partially killed long before they die—these words are for them. That peace—"not as the world giveth peace"—is still theirs, the unconquerable faith in righteousness, the serenity of an unbroken spirit. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Few of us may live to see that New World Order, the "Kingdom of Heaven", established on earth. Quite possibly it may never be established on earth. But again and again it has been and will be a sustaining reality in the hearts of men. And if you have it there, "Let not your heart be troubled; neither let it be afraid." The kingdom of heaven is within you.

I turn from writing the above to Henley's *Poems* and read his rugged echo to those same valiant words:

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul."

It is the same thing. Through the ages, men of courage have gone their way unafraid so that at last in a nobler order of things the feebler sort also will dare to speak the truth and stand upright—for uprightness sake.

XL

THE PROBLEM OF SELF-CONTENTMENT

WHAT IS NEEDED to make men and women contented and helpful citizens in a progressive world state? So far, we have discussed the way to a new world order in terms of world federation and permanent peace, federal conservation of world resources, abundance, opportunity and a universal fundamental law of human rights that would banish torture and oppression from the earth. But that still does not meet a number of problems that men and women of good will are apt to disregard. They assume a pervasive benevolence in the human species which even a clear scrutiny of their own behaviour and the behaviour of people about them would do much to dispel.

Man has descended from an ape in the course of something like a million years. This sounds a lengthy period of time, but from the point of view of modification the biologist counts not by years but by generations, and the big primates are relatively slow-breeding creatures. *Homo sapiens* exposes himself to the chances of a mutation and natural selection four or five times in a century; the fruit fly gets through that in a few days. We are probably not more than about a hundred thousand generations from old Probably Arboreal. He was, we know, a not very social creature, he lived in a small male-dominated group, and he prepared for battle at the sight and smell of any other adult male invading his visible universe.

Evolution had brought him as far as he could go by her method of killing off the inadaptable individuals by the crude natural selection she had hitherto used. She now adopted a new method. He still remained *au fond* a combative ape. Instead of slowly and completely changing his inherent nature throughout, as she has done with most other animal species, she seized upon his aptitude for gesture and speech, and, as Dr Julian Huxley has recently pointed out in his excellent *Uniqueness of Man*, she built

up a new social and biological life for him on a basis of conceptual thought.

Lang and Atkinson in *Social Origins* and *Primal Law* have traced the reluctant concessions made by this combative creature to the necessities of a larger social grouping. He got and learnt and communicated ideas, and often these ideas remained in sharp conflict with his unregenerate deeper impulses. So came the moral conflict, the sense of sin and all the distressful complexities of our inner lives.

Man has been civilised unwillingly. Religion, education and law harness a born rebel. At the bottom of his heart there is no steadfast love for his fellow-creatures. He is parasitic and exacting upon his parents until he rebels against them, between husband and wife there is either a silent or an open struggle for the upper hand, he is jealous and wary in his heart towards all his fellow-creatures lest they get the better of him. Just as he has to bathe, shave, cut his hair and nails, clothe and trim himself for civilised life, so he must be educated and disciplined to keep his simian self within bounds. But the nails are always growing, and the distrust, resentment and hatred always smoulder beneath the surface. Go civilly-with him.

Consider the people you know. It is only as the outcome of a fortunate and usually deliberately planned upbringing that these instinctive impulses can be diverted and neutralised. They can never be destroyed. But they can be diverted, and they can even be so directed that they can supply the energy for what becomes at last almost purely disinterested service for the common well-being of our race, not through self-abasement and sacrifice but through a sublimation of self-assertion.

The primary business of the law-maker, the teacher, the administrative statesman, has always been mental claw-clipping. The stability of the state or community over which the statesman rules depends entirely on how far he can mitigate or transfer resentment and hatred to some object outside the main structural elements of the social body. He avails himself of and organises and encourages any form of intolerance that consolidates and diverts the primordial hate of the citizens from each other, and assuages their innate uneasiness about the respect and importance to which they feel personally entitled. Both organised religion

and patriotism have hitherto been of immense value in this matter. The former gave a fine sense of superior and even everlasting advantage over the misguided adherents of every other creed, and the latter built up a sturdy sense of brotherly contempt for, and co-operation against, those malignant and uncalled-for strangers abroad, incapable of really decent speech and addicted to the most disgustingly different manners and customs.

Add to a well-sustained state religion and a healthy patriotism, the institution of the family, in which a man and woman were given practically unlimited power to please or distress each other and their children, and the ordinary citizens were reasonably contented with their lot in life; they could follow their occupations and ply their crafts with the further gratification of a mastery over their generally traditional but distinctive jobs, which their neighbours could not emulate.

So in the past many horse-and-foot countries rubbed along, often through long periods, with little more than dynastic changes. A great number of people lived and died neither splendidly nor unhappily. At either pole of this system of contentment, there were potentially dangerous elements, but until war on a novel scale and using some unexpected weapon or strategy, overtook and upset the balance of things, these anti-social elements remained entirely controllable minorities. On the one hand there were the aggressive rich eager to exercise and develop their social advantages, and on the other a certain number of recalcitrant thriftless and unfortunate individuals, criminals, cripples, beggars and cadgers. The King and religious institutions exercised a sufficient restraint upon the former, and the latter under normal conditions never amounted to a public danger.

But even in that old horse-and-foot world all that altered very rapidly under the stress of sustained war, and socially destructive war became inevitable with every invention of new weapons and new methods of communication. The inevitable secular expansion of states and empires with increasing facilities of communication, is the main theme of my *Outline of History*. Under the war strain, that central mass of reasonably contented people was assailed and eaten into from either side. The acquisitive and the domineering realised unexampled opportunities for power and profiteering; while the military

levies, called up from their peaceful productiveness, fell into debt and found themselves dispossessed. Great estates, calling for a more wholesale system of production, employing the organised labour of enslaved war prisoners and sold-up petty farmers, grew up by the unification of sequestered holdings. Professional legions, moreover, replaced the localised short service levies as warfare was prolonged; they had to be supported by increasing taxation. So phase by phase that contented central body of the community was broken up, and a new class of acquisitive wealth and power faced an accumulating mass of propertyless toilers.¹

The latter has always developed a revolutionary thrust as its realisation of a common expropriation increased. Primitive Christianity was evidently such a revolutionary thrust, and it was finally appeased by Constantine the Great. Ostensibly the Galilean conquered, only to become the Emperor's tame God. This pattern of events has repeated itself throughout history, and always on a steadily expanding scale, until now at last we approach the limit, which is manifestly one world-wide order, and we see before us, we hope, a war to end war leading towards a world federation and the ultimate social revolution. But that can be achieved only if the conflict between the uncontrolled aggression of those who have the upper hand and the desperate revolt of the hopeless below, can be so assuaged as to restore that central body of contented living upon which social stability depends.

In the past, in the days when countries were sufficiently separated by distance to remain independent sovereign states, it was, as we have noted, possible to sustain their contentment mainly through religious intolerance, patriotism, marriage and work. Under modern conditions, in a world-wide state where there is only a limited and dwindling demand for human toil, we can no longer trust those same forces to act in the same way. We can see them failing already and being modified.

It is quite arguable that the profound instinctive desires to be important, to exercise power and initiative and feel that no

¹ Over considerable areas of Russia the independent peasant cultivator has been swept into collectivised farms. Similar material necessities have produced parallel material forms. Collectivisation in Russia has been done against great resistances, but it is too soon for us to know how far the psychological reactions have been modified by the replacement of an aggressive acquisitive class by a class of wangling commissars.

one has the better of you, will react violently against the idea of a federated world of universal peace and plenty, pervaded by an independent and equalitarian spirit. Indeed the development of a vigorous resistance now to these New World ideas, even now when the prospect is only opening out, is very evident. It is the paradoxical fact we have to face that the generality of mankind do not acquiesce, and until their educational level has been raised, will not acquiesce in the organisation of a general prosperity. Let us entertain no delusions about that. Men are not going to want this new world simply because they need it. Only under the stresses of manifest inexorable necessity can they, at their present phase of mental development, be brought to share patiently in a common welfare. Most of them will be profoundly appalled by the prospect of a world in which, they realise, there may be few people to whom they can feel superior, and none that they can hate and treat hatefully. A Guide to the New World will fail hopelessly if it cannot produce more than platitudinous optimistic denials of these realities in the human make-up.

We explore no new ground in mapping this particular sierra of difficulties. Ever since the idea of a world-wide human solidarity entered the human imagination, the barrier has been manifest. We find the founder of those Nazarenes who afterwards developed into Christians, preaching his New World Order as the Kingdom of Heaven and insisting at the same time on the fundamental necessity of being born again. Before the Kingdom of Heaven could be attained, the believers had to get together and achieve an unwonted mutual tolerance. But the love feasts of the early Christians were of a very restricted character; we know little about them except from hostile sources, and they were ultimately superseded by rituals of a less searching type.

Or to take another and very different revolutionary movement, the Socialist movement of the early nineteen find Karl Marx so clearly aware of this innate comprehensive co-operation that he resort inception of the class war and the hatred of the poor for the rich, for the people hating anything like as much as he hates those nearer to him. He hates the most is the foreman and works manager,

soldier hates the sergeant major and the military policeman much more than the stupid General Staff or the stupid Foreign Office that is primarily responsible for his hardships, wounds, shortages and suffering. Marx himself hated the bourgeois who afflicted him with bills far more than he hated big business, and his attitude to hereditary nobility was frankly snobbish. There is no justification in experience for the belief that the discontent of the dispossessed can produce any constructive world unity. It flows away too readily into these merely vindictive, short-range gratifications. Unwilling to face the fact nakedly that world revolution must, in its first phase, be an unpopular minority movement, the Marxists invented a polite mask, The Dictatorship of the Proletariat, behind which a small group could pretend to be the Sovereign People made articulate. You can see where that takes us in Russia now.

Are we then to conclude that some gifted dictator, or some more or less secretive group of individuals sustaining him as a figurehead, or some new "élite" or privileged class, is to organise the New World? That is obviously absurd on our own showing. If there is this streak of self-assertion and malignancy in everyone, then to submit unquestioned power and authority to one person or a small group is merely to inflate a few human monstrosities at the cost of all mankind.

So then, what?

I do not think there is any simple answer to that challenge, but I think that nevertheless our steadily developing philosophy of social psychology is providing us with other material for a practicable revolutionary project without flying in the face of human nature.

In the first place we have to scrap this irrational idea that there can be some single person, a wonder leader, a divine inspired individual who will know what everything is all about and will gather up all our poor wits into his stupendous noddle, to which everything can then be referred. Human co-operation, in a world that changes more and more swiftly and becomes continually more unified on a planetary scale, cannot be directed in any such fashion.

The dominating influence in a progressive world must necessarily be a clear general understanding of the state of affairs, and with it a realisation of the right thing to do. Diagnosis before treatment. For every human occasion there is a right thing to do, and everything else that you can do is more or less wrong.

I have discussed the general mechanism of a world educational organisation in my *World Brain*, and I cannot repeat that discussion here, but what is relevant here is that the individual workers who will contribute the ever-growing substance of tested directed ideas to the world, need not and will not be men and women of superhuman moral quality, devotees, lovers of mankind or anything of that sort. Indeed that sort of emotional element in them might do much to frustrate them in their essential function, which is the obstinate, insolent and implacable assertion of the Truth as they see it. That has been the peculiar quality of the handful of individuals who have in the course of two or three centuries built up the fabric of modern science and brought us to the threshold of this ultimate revolution. There has been no control over them. There is no King, no Pope, no Führer of Science. All they have needed has been free publication and unhampered discussion. They have eliminated impostors and corrected each other's errors—often bitterly, but effectively—without majority votes, dictation, punishment or any material compulsion.

Here then is a type of self-assertion and self-satisfaction neither too saintly for human nature nor too base for social welfare. The scientific man may be a disagreeable fellow, jealous, competitive, capable of vicious acts, with this, that or the other weakness, but if his *core of pride* is getting at the Truth in things, and if he says, "I will be damned if I can see it or say it otherwise than as I do", and if our laws and freedoms evoke and release a sufficiency of his type, then the New World will march on to greatness without any sort of appeal for "Great Men". *Magna est veritas et praevalebit*, and for all practical revolutionary purposes it scarcely matters that the Truth-finder and Truth-sayer is scarcely less disposed than the primordial hairy ape to make the world *his* world, so far as he can manage it.

These considerations open our eyes to a line of thought which makes this problem of how to achieve a general education, self-contentment and social stability in a rapidly progressive world system seem no longer insoluble. Ultimately this world has to be and can only be consolidated by a vast and penetrating system of education and information such as the Truth article in the Sankey Declaration of Rights demands. But since our occasions are urgent, and since even under the most favourable

conditions the weaving of that educational network must be an elaborate continuing process, it is manifest that the ultimate revolution must, to begin with, be brought about by a simple and easily understandable propaganda. At first the three main ideas we have been reiterating throughout this Guide will be as much as that propaganda can carry. The first lap on the way to the New World is that propagandists should preach that gospel, that same gospel, in every region and in every tongue. Because these three demands are simple and comprehensive ideas appealing to certain manifest common necessities, in the face of manifest universal dangers, and because they still leave unchallenged a vast multitude of animosities, rivalries, self-satisfactions and gratifying distinctions, they stand a reasonable chance of world acceptance. Where what appear to be natural developments are occurring, as, for instance, in the return of some areas of the world towards nomadism, or again in matters of sexual morality, they are neutral. And once they have been effectively accepted, then the propaganda of the federal world state will become, naturally enough, the framework for a more detailed and scientifically conceived educational system, which may still remain extensively various.

The federal world state will of course continue to explain itself more and more definitely through its world brain organisation as that develops. As the weight of uncertainty and anxiety is lifted from the minds of the general run of people, they will become less and less amenable to war psychoses and such-like panic states of mind, and more disposed to return to personal interests and their own special preoccupying occupations.

“ The world’s great age begins anew,
The golden years return.”

The world will revert, but perhaps as one whole and on a rising level of achievement, towards the state of miscellaneous activity that was characteristic of the main body of the people during the various “golden ages” of the past. Restless individuals will find scope for their restlessness, and what is left of anti-social failures will become a collection of problems for the alienist and criminologist rather than the statesman. But this consummation is only to be attained in a world of continually expanding enterprise, opportunity, criticism and knowledge.

WORLD WELL EDUCATED

WE HAVE BEEN discussing the material reorganisation of our world and the release of mankind to freedom and co-operation. Except in the most general terms it is difficult for any one in a society at a lower stage of organisation to imagine life in a higher one. A native Veddah would find our London entirely inconceivable. It is hard enough for a contemporary Englishman to attempt the reverse process and get his imagination back to a primitive mentality. Tom Harrisson has come as near as anyone in that kind of thing by living as a savage among the people of the New Hebrides. Nevertheless it may be worth while to apply our powers of inference as well as we can to this problem, and foreshadow, even in the most imprecise way, something of the world our effort and sacrifice may beget.

Before everything else it will be a far better-educated and far better-informed one than this distraught and scared, jealous and prejudiced world of to-day. Man has been cultivating the surface of this planet and his own possibilities for hundreds of thousands of years, and he is still only in the experimental stage with either job. So far as forests, soil, animal and mineral resources go, his record of waste is an appalling one. His waste of his own possibilities, could we see it starkly, is an even more devastating spectacle. Not that he hasn't tried hard to do something with himself. It is almost as if he had what used to be called an instinct, for treating himself as raw material. Within recorded time there is no such thing as a complete natural man. He clips himself. He cuts himself about. He hacks bits off himself. There is hardly a possible thing about himself that he hasn't cut off at times, fingers, toes, teeth, ears. He tattoos himself and sticks things through his ears and nose. He wraps skins and fabrics about himself. I ask you to reflect on an average American citizen, shaven and shorn, bespectacled, manicured and pedicured, with

his dental plate, his punctiliously pressed suit. He rarely eats food that has not been cooked and canned. From the point of view of naturalism, the creature is a monster of artificiality.

And when you think of the usages, customs, fashions, taboos, laws, religions, in which he has imprisoned the impulses of his primordial and fundamental simian self, you realise the complete absurdity of his talking of his unalterable human nature and of his normality. He is as different from his ancestor of three centuries ago, from the top of his head and everything that is in it, to the tips of his toe-nails, in his behaviour, in his scope and range and restrictions, as if he were a distinct species of animal. His average age is nearly twenty years longer; he produces a quarter as many children in twice the time. And that ancestor of the Elizabethan world was almost as different again in his sort of artificiality from his predecessor of the plague-swept slums of the Middle Ages. They were all, in their succession, *made* man. From end to end of the earth, and down the whole corridor of recorded history, man has been *made*. And the raw material, that hairy ape, is already so made over, that it is only in some moment of crazy lust or panic or rage or bestial vitality that we realise he is still the living core, the blood injection at the root of us all.

In the past, the making of man has been a multitudinous, complex, casual and almost planless process. Just as our cultivation of the earth, our laws and methods of production and distribution, and the spread and ebb and flow of population, have been. But now the development of our social and philosophical philosophies, our educational and general psychological sciences, our increasing mental and medical knowledge, in a phrase, the revision of our conception of existence in terms of biological science, is turning the minds of an increasing proportion of intelligent and reflective people to a much more thorough and systematic making of man, than could have been dreamt of before our time.

In the world as we can conceive it reconstructed, the conditioning of the human animal will begin from the earliest years. It will acquire wholesome and healthy habits of self-control, it will learn to temper its innate self-assertion and exhibitionism, its disposition to "show off", to the general atmosphere; it will

be learning to distinguish truth from falsehood, both to itself and others. Of course it will invent stories and tell lies. It is as necessary for the mental health of a child to do that, as it is to open out its lungs by making a noise. But it will know its lies for lies; it will neither delude itself nor others about that, just as it will know the difference between that wholesome shouting, singing and bellowing which fills the body with fresh air, and being a nuisance to other people. The *made* human being of the days to come will be in a fair way to control its egotism by the age of five or six.

That animal blood injection at the root of life which is the root of life, insists on certain cravings and desires. We have no limitless power to make human beings; our making is strictly conditioned by that root necessity; and the more we frustrate that primordial drive, the less energy we shall have in our final human product. The creature wants to exercise power, to feel the energy in itself. In the past a great part of educational pressure was spent in curbing this disposition. The inhibitions of fear were evoked, and the natural subservience of childhood was prolonged throughout life. The ideal was a meek, believing citizen; the outcome was a furtive, insincere creature afraid of its own crippled impulses. A modernist school of education, in reaction against this state of affairs, has proclaimed the natural wisdom of raw humanity, and permitted the indolent parent and sentimental schoolmaster to let the little dears rip and grow up into unrestricted, self-conscious egotists, doing what seems good to them in their own eyes, shamelessly self-assertive, worshipping conspicuous success, asserting success, everlasting and boringly, thinking in money as the symbol of success,—those raucous citizens whose sole method of human intercourse is dollar talk and unstanchable eulogistic autobiography. But we are beginning already to realise that there can be a middle way, if only it is taken in time, between suppression and undisciplined release. There is hardly a human animal that has not some distinctive aptitude, some disposition to do something well, to make something well, better than most other people. It may be nothing more than the delight in exceptional muscular power; it may be inventive ingenuity of fine artistry. But the educational organisation of the new world will be classifying its human

material from the earliest years, and planning for the development of this sense of disinterested mastery as the ruling motive. The more effectually it is evoked, the more the individual realises the satisfaction of a thing supremely well done, the more will he find that satisfaction is its own peculiar, adequate and incommunicable reward.

In a wisely directed world civilisation, these human beings who have been neither suppressed nor allowed to run wild, will have infinitely better-ordered brains than this contemporary generation. The amount of grey matter in our skulls is limited; possibly its fineness and capacity may be increased in the future; but at present it is the wildest jungle of delusions, errors, tangles of misunderstanding, imperfectly apprehended facts, old curios, encumbering laziness, unserviceable by-products that have never been cleared away. The very best minds in the world to-day are like that. And they have to operate in a world of fatuous and entangling institutions, faded loyalties and practical imperatives, ruled by the phantoms and errors of the past. They must spend themselves in a struggle against the disorder within quite as much as against the disorder without.

But in a cosmopolitan world socialism, in which the general economic and administrative needs are solved intelligently with a maximum productiveness and economy, the prevalent social types and divisions will be altogether different. In the past the bulk of mankind has been completely engaged in getting a living, but all that business of getting a living for the species will use up only a continually dwindling proportion of the available energy of the race. Many unimaginative people, who can still think only in terms of getting a living, believe that this release of energy means only an increase of that terrible boring vacuity of time called Leisure. Visions of people *killing time* cloud their minds.

One finds this sort of thing in Aldous Huxley, that strange abnormal grandson of my master and teacher. His mind is evidently enormously obsessed by thoughts of sex and bodily vigour, and in his Brave New World he makes sexual and athletic elaboration the chief employment of human leisure. To that he thinks our reason leads us. He subjects this misconception of human responses to the languid aesthetic criticism of a hero

soaked in literary and what it is the fashion to call cultural traditions, who ultimately and quite logically hangs himself in hopeless disgust with the disgusting world his author has evoked.

But healthy, educated children and men and women, with a lively interest in life, do not succumb to these fundamental urgencies. They will be untroubled by either morbid excesses or morbid abstinence and jealousies. In this world of realised possibilities, a conception of life after the Aldous Huxley pattern, is, to say the last of it, improbable. That artistic literary tradition which slides away from reality into quotations and the quaint and romantic associations of distorted history, will be as dead as back-slang or punning or the writing of acrostics. The mind of the world will be framed in a scientific education far freer and more searching than the mere beginnings of to-day, so that every one in the measure of his capacity will be primarily a seeker after truth, and will find his master-excitement and his abiding and rewarding beauty in the realisation of truth.

If there have ever been men on earth whose minds foreshadowed the mental quality and content of the citizens of our world of hope, they were Leonardo da Vinci and Velasquez. They were essentially men of science who thrust aside all the flowery tricks of artificial decoration and pretentious æstheticism, and who, pursuing reality, found living and enduring beauty and new depth and profundity and mastery at every stage of their research. In their own time they lived like strangers from some mightier planet. In such a Renaissance as we can anticipate, they would have been at home among their peers. Every vital artist is an experimenter in form, in the latent possibilities of material, in our mental reactions to new combinations of sounds or textures. Art and poetry as something antagonistic to scientific thought, will seem a preposterous opposition.

In that world of close-knit understandings, of systematic information, of universally accessible knowledge, there will be little need for the commercialisation, the arts of salesmanship, the exploitation, as we call it, of discoveries. In the place of one ill-endowed and hampered research worker, there will be hundreds of thousands of keen primary investigators, and, day by day, this little planet and at length perhaps this strange,

scattered, starry universe, will be yielding the secrets of its mastery to the organised World Brain of an awakened and co-operative mankind. I cannot anticipate discovery. I cannot foretell the possible triumphs of a continuing universal assault upon reality by minds made clean and fearless. That will become the chief business of our race; the exploration of that super-rational system to which we are necessarily akin, which we realise more and more underlies our existence and all existence, which is in us and yet transcends us.

In the past men have had dreams of a God, they have invented one premature God after another, and they have talked very recklessly, foolishly and dishonestly about these Deities of theirs. To all such Gods I call myself Atheist. I will have none of them. The True God, the God of Truth, if we may so extend the word God as to mean any directive and unifying idea whatever by which men live, that God still appeals to us and escapes us. In a more rational world the universal religion will be philosophy, and all men will be seekers. Perpetually and for ever we shall be approaching that unattainable Ultimate Truth. Our race will live in an everlasting dawn that will never lose its freshness in the weariness of day. We shall fulfil our lives and pass, satisfied by a share within the compass of our qualities in that great research, and we shall die serene. That is the real Brave New World.

It will be, in every particular, a Brave New World.

XLII

ENVOY

So I CONCLUDE this book. I have shown, I think, that there is a practicable though difficult road through the dangers and confusions of the present day to a state far better by every reasonable standard than any that man has ever known before. Fear, indolence and infantile submissiveness are the enemies within us, and without and between us all is that incessant dangerous craving for self-assertion which taints and will for endless years taint men's lives with rivalry and a faint reluctance in that mutual aid the logic of our circumstances demands of us. That reluctance and rivalry come in even when we love.

Nevertheless we have laughter and generosity in us to mitigate these things, and, though as yet we are neither reasonable nor political animals, reason breaks in on us and we learn more and more to respect our after-thoughts and correct and repair our impulses by them. Human affairs seem desperate to-day, but there has been much stoutness of heart revealed by this very desperation, and the most heartening thing about this hard but possible way of survival and renewal that I have tried to survey in this Guide, is that from the very moment in which we are living it goes up, if you care to set yourself upon it. Stand up, pull yourself together and advance. You may be killed, but you can never be defeated unless you fail within. No essential sacrifice is demanded of you. We fight for the good world now and as soon as possible. You need not go down into any depths of self-immolation. There is no mysticism in us that requires you to lie or cheat for the "cause". We fool no one. We want no fooled people under us or with us. Leave all that to the Jesuits and the Communists, the poker players and the knowing strategists too clever by half. Our steps go forward openly. Every step we win will be an earnest of further victory. In quite a little while we may be living in a world at peace, peace organised

and growing more assured, we may see the visible wounds of our countries healing and our cities rising again.

I have in the sections immediately preceding this set my poor imagination to the task of foreshadowing the next phases in man's destiny. You will like that and you will dislike it in almost equal measure, you will be moved to raise objections. "Yes, but—" you will say, and there are endless "Yes, buts—" to come. Let that be admitted; nevertheless the things that are plainly good enough for us *are* good enough for us in our generation.

These war years are times in which no man can escape great fluctuations in his spirit. We cling to our stoical faith, we fortify ourselves with stout resolutions, but there are times when it seems there is nothing left for us but to die well, with our souls at least unbeaten, in what may ultimately prove to be a losing battle. I am not thinking of the battle against the Nazis; that they have lost already; but of the vast complex of unimaginative and unteachable stupidity that reveals itself as the world situation unfolds behind and around that ebbing effort. I am dismayed first of all by the sluggishness of my own apprehension, so that a very large part of this book, written as a Guide, had to be written in the first place to clear up my own attitude upon issues to which the larger part of an active mental life of half a century has been devoted. I could, of course, have done much better if there had been a number of other people working with an equal zest in the same field. That co-operation may be slowly organised now, but our occasions are urgent. Awake to that urgency I turn to the masses of people whose minds have never yet had any exercise in this direction, who have probably never read through a single book about it, who have been dwarfed, crippled and perverted from their earliest years. How will these masses swing? What can one do with them?

I have recently been reading the Lynds' studies of the minds and lives of an industrial centre in the Middle West, thinly disguised as Middletown, which is indeed a test sample of America. They lay bare a terrifying state of educational insufficiency and self-complacent ignorance, in the face of the gigantic forces which may presently trample the life out of the population they study. Yet this Middletown sample represents, after

all, about as intelligent a community as you can find anywhere in the world. Everyone above childhood reads and writes and talks. The Lynds treat their spectacle objectively, neither exalting nor decrying nor lamenting, and as I sit over their books, my moods fluctuate. There are times when it seems to me that if this is a fair sample of "democracy" in action, the outlook is hopeless. If things are like this, then there is nothing for it but to fight and die in due course, realising that all one had hoped for must die too in due course in this same dreary fight against the dull, conventional and abject life. And then again one says, "But by the Lynds' showing, if perhaps one did so-and-so, and so-and-so. . . . There could be a rally here, a stand and counter-attack there. . . ." The title of the last Lynd book, *Middletown in Transition*, is by no means pessimistic.

The battle in the mind of Middletown may after all turn out to be the last Decisive Battle in history.

I was much impressed during my last exploration of America by a newly invented system of nation-wide discussions, the Town Hall Conferences. I do not stress their actual importance so much as their symptomatic importance. They seem to have been largely evolved from the New York Town Hall experiment. Here I can only indicate the broad lines of the method pursued. A debate of two or three representative speakers is held in some central place, is discussed, and the whole proceedings with their replies are radioed to a great number of local centres, which then take up the debate. About nine million people altogether are brought into a common discussion by these means. And no doubt they carry the talk home. I had never thought of anything so quickening as this device. It came to me like a crack of light that suddenly reveals a door. When I think it over in connection with Middletown, then that sample looks far less of a hopeless morass than it did. Here is one way of draining and aerating it, and if one can be taken by surprise in this case, it is reasonable to believe that there may be many more quickening processes available of which at present we have no idea. . . .

The pace of events accelerates, and that acceleration may be quite as probably upward as downward.

And here I must end. Perhaps you may decide it is not worth your while to fight for the ultimate revolution, and that leaves one wondering whither you will crawl in the intenser days ahead and how you and your sort will end. Down the scuppers of the sinking ship you will jostle one another.

For the natural born revolutionary there is no choice. Win or lose, he goes on. At its worst the Old Order for the majority of men varied between the dismal and the horrible, and at its best, even for the lucky ones, unless they were densely stupid and petty-minded, it bored abominably. In the last year or so, since death became an everyday reality for everyone, I have come to realise as I never did before that there is an accumulating splendour latent in the hearts of men which justifies and makes reasonable the utmost endurance of which any of us is capable.

THE END

11895

|